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Original Poetry.

THE MYSTIC KING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDON BARD.

There's a sovereign king, whose decrees we find
Are devoutly obeyed by all mankind;
To whose lordly rule, and majestic sway,
The whole human race tribute, boundless pay.
Of old, e'en as now, through the wide, known world,
Were his laws supreme, and his flag unfurled;
Whilst far as the course of the daily sun
Does the broad expanse of his empire run.

Through every age, and through every clime,
Was his conquest vain and his glory crime;
Whilst brighter and bolder his dread deeds glow,
As improvement glides, and his voices grow
Most glaring and wild. Through the earth's far bound
Are his footsteps seen, and his actions found.
Prerogatives great does his sceptre span;
Whilst his envied throne is the heart of man?

O'er the marble floor of the palace hall
Re-echo to grandeur his loud foot-fall.
The wealthy bow down to his sordid shrine,
And are prone to bask where his bounties shine.
To the humble cot he but seldom flies,
Save to reck his wrath in a grim disguise;
The powerless poor are his victims made,
And many ne'er tempted his tyrant blade!

The monarch at his command falls down,
And shrinks in despair at his angry frown;
The honored, the mighty, the realm's good peer,
Are hurled to the dust by his piercing spear!
Both armies and nations are seen at hand
To obey with pride his array'd command:
To promulge his schemes, and perform his will,
And the fearful ends of his wish fulfil!

He wantonly speaks, and his well-known voice
By millions is hailed as their boasted choice;
Whilst proudly he smiles that but few dare pause
To march in defence of his gold-clad cause.
His fiat goes forth in its awful form,
As the thunder peal from the raging storm;
'Tis conceived—'tis said—then hastily done,
And death is the lot of the morn'ring one!

Would you learn the name of this mystic king;
And the joys desire he essays to bring?
Would you bend the knee at his robed throne,
And the prized spots court where his smiles have shone?
'Tis Wealth—and alone in his pride he stands
On the ramparts reared by his artful hands;
Whilst locked in his iron-bound safety cell
The darkest of deeds in confusion dwell!

His favor—at best is but burnished gold,
Of which only when gone is the value told!
His pleasures—at most but the dross refin'd,
By the force of art, from the health's depths min'd!
His promises—cast with the gems of life;
Though filled with the chords of distracting strife!
His hopes—but the bubbles of empty air;
Which burst, and consign you to dark despair!

Ah, turn from the walk where his feet advance;
Cold treachery flits in his sparkling glance!
Believe not the tales which his lips proclaim—
Their moral is ruin, and sorrow their aim.
Beware how ye tread!—'tis a slipp'ry path,
Where the serpent lurks in his deadly wrath!
Trust never to riches a single day;
For riches take wings and soon glide away!

Original Tales.

THE BRIGAND OF THE BARRANCAS.

A Tale of Mexico.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE "POOR SCHOLAR."

The Barranca Secca lies on the route from Vera Cruz to Mexico between Jalapa and the puebla di Perote. Art could not have designed a pass more favorable to the operations of banditti. A deep gully in the plateau, worn by time and water, overshadowed by lofty trees with a dense underwood of aloes and parisitical plants, and intersected by numerous dark ravines branching off into the neighboring mountains, the pen can present but a feeble picture of its intense dreariness. Wild as the Abruzzi, no traveller can enter this gloomy defile without feelings of dread, heightened, perhaps, by the sight of five hundred crosses, marking the graves of as many murdered victims! The dweller in our own peaceful land will exclaim, "Why is this? Why is the Barranca Secca not lined with soldiers?" He forgets that there are twenty other passes on the route, all affording similar facilities to the lurking ladrone; and as for the soldiers, they are little better than banditti themselves. To understand the causes of this unhappy state of things, the enquirer must himself visit "this purple land, where law secures not life."

The sun was just sinking behind the Cordilleras, bathing the lone peak of Orizava in golden light, when six travellers—including myself—seated in the diligencia, and escorted by a troop of dragoons, passed through the gates of Vera Cruz, *en route* for Mexico. The coach drew up outside the gates, while the guard on duty examined our passports. Five of them were instantly produced, but there seemed to be some difficulty about the papers of a gentleman who, in *serape* and *sombrero*, heavily moustached and muffled, occupied a back seat in the diligencia.

"Come, come, Señor Capitan, it is needless to be so particular—we are all honest travellers—my passport is in my pockets, but mislaid for the moment."

With a growl of dissatisfaction, the half drunken guards, evidently too lazy to take farther trouble, returned to his cup of aguadiente, and our John shortening the reins, gave the whip to his team of eight in hand, and we were soon rolling at full gallop through the barren sand hills that skirt the misnamed "La Villa rica del Vera Cruz."

I am a landscape painter by profession, and consequently lost no opportunity of surveying the scenery on my travels. From an eminence I looked back on "the rich city of the true cross," as it lay in the mellowing twilight. The sun had set from the *tierra Caliente* and his last beam was just kissing the cross of the Cathedral. A few moments and that beam would rest on some far summit of the western Cordilleras—the flat roofs of the houses were blackened with zopilotes, and one giant vulture, the sentry of the sable troop, was perched high over his fellows on the cross of the cupola. How emblematical of a scene enacted on that very spot more than three centuries ago, when the vultures of Spain hovered around that same cross planted by ambition and stained with blood! The castle of San Juan de Ulua towered giant-like against the clear blue waves dashing in from the Gulf, three ships of war and a number of merchant schooners, sheltered by the massy pile were lazily tugging at their cables—and far out from shore a single sail was beating against an unfavorable wind, and vainly struggling to make the port. It was becoming dark—a sudden turn hid the scene, and I seated myself for a long and a dreary ride.

Morning found us jolting along, through the estate of Manga de Clavo, the country residence of the President. To the right of the road in the distance rose the long low walls of the *hacienda*, peering through groves of bright foliage.

It was now time to take a survey of my fellow travellers. Three of them—Don Ignacio Nunez, his beautiful daughter, the Donna Felipa, and a young Spaniard of Seville, were already known to me, we having been *compañeros de viage*, from Havana to Vera Cruz. Don Ignacio was a wealthy Mexican merchant just returning with his accomplished daughter from a visit to the Havana.

The young Spaniard, by name Francisco Gonzales, was an artist, a miniature painter, on his way to Mexico to increase his fortune and reputation, and as our professions and destinies were much alike, our acquaintance, begun on board the brigantine "La Estrella," had already ripened into friendship.

The other occupants of the diligencia were a worthy little Padre of La Puebla—slightly known to Don Ignacio, and the gentleman with the mislaid passport, of whom I have already spoken, and to say the truth, when I caught the first glimpse of his fierce dark eye glaring from beneath his dark sombrero, I felt not a little anxious myself to know something about his credentials. The road at this time was considered exceedingly dangerous. Revolution after revolution had given birth to bands of *partidas* who, at the defeat of some political chieftain were compelled to take to the mountains. The capture of Santa Ana at the San Jacinto had made way for Bustamente, whose imbecile administration could not suppress the outrages of these banditti. Many of the proscribed followers of the disgraced chieftain had taken refuge in the defiles of the mountains around Jalapa and Perotè, and were here leading a predatory life. One Juan Barradas had acquired a wide notoriety by his daring exploits, and was the terror of the rancheros to the very gates of Puebla. The diligencia never travelled without a strong escort of dragoons, and even these had been once routed by the band of Barradas and driven back to Jalapa. With these reports current upon the road, and confirmed by the troopers who accompanied us, I confess I felt no desire for the company of suspicious characters, and to say the least, our new acquaintance with the *serape* and sombrero *did* look suspicious. He seemed to be a man of about thirty, with a deeply bronzed countenance, heavy moustache, and fierce dark eyes, I could only conjecture as to his figure as he sat enveloped in his huge Mexican cloak. A sudden jolt of the stage tossed up his sombrero, revealing a scar over his left eye, but he hastily replaced the covering.

The little Padre talked incessantly. His red face, sleek hair and plump round figure, bore evidence of his disposition, and reminded you of the "friar in orders gray." He was evidently a *bon vivant*, and entertained no desire to mortify the flesh with self-denial. He had been down to Vera Cruz on ecclesiastical business and was returning to his cure in La Puebla, and while he expatiated bitterly on the poor accommodations he had found in the former place, he adverted with evident satisfaction to the style in which the *Fonda* of Jalapa was kept. He talked freely of the robbers, boasting that the villains had too much respect for the holy church to molest the stage while he travelled in it. At this the stranger smiled—the Padre was disconcerted and evidently felt ill at ease under the searching glance of the muffled traveller.

"Strange tales of these robbers, Señor," said Don Ignacio, addressing the latter—

"Bah! old women's fancies—I've travelled this route twenty times, and I've never been robbed yet."

"But, Señor, was the stage not stopped last week in the Barranca Secca, and the soldiers, who attended it, chased back to Jalapa? 'Tis so reported in Vera Cruz."

"The soldiers, most likely, robbed the stage themselves, and then getting scared at their own shadows, galloped off. To such soldiers as they, every rut seems a ravine, and every aloe an armed bandit! I wouldn't give a *claco* for a regiment of such troopers!"

"Dear father," said the Doña Felippa, in a voice liquid and bewitching as her own eyes, "I hope we have nothing to fear."

"No, Señorita—you have nothing to fear."

The stranger smiled, as he spoke, but the peculiar emphasis of his language had drawn the attention of the party toward him. His smile suddenly relaxed, and looking out, he seemed not to notice their scrutiny.

We were now approaching Jalapa. Francisco bent from the window of the Diligence, and expressed his admiration of the scenery.

"A beautiful city, Señor," said he, addressing me, "a fine subject for your pencil!"

"Yes, I regret that the Diligencia does not stop long enough to enable me to take a sketch of it."

"It is a pity," remarked the stranger, in the serapé, "I could conduct you to an eminence from which you will have a fine view of the city. If you are a landscape painter, there is a view to be had from the mountains beyond, worthy your pencil."

"Ah, Señor," cried the little Padre, "the mountains beyond! that is the country of the notorious villain, Barradas! Catch me wandering in these hills without a good escort."

At the mention of the robber's name, the whole party started, while the stranger smiled at the fears of the Padre.

"He's no great friend to the Church—this Barradas—I believe, worthy father?"

"No—the rascal. Do you know, Señor, that he had the impudence to appear, with his band of cut-throats, in the Church of San Augustine, in Jalapa, while the worthy citizens were at vespers, and carry off the images. Santa Maria, we have troops in La Puebla ready to go after him, and if we can but catch the knave, he shall swing on the highest tree of the Departimento!"

"By San Pedro Señor," said the young Spaniard, addressing me, "I feel as much longing to take the likeness of this celebrated robber, as you to sketch the City of Jalapa."

"You will find prints of him in the Parian, when you reach Mexico, Señores; but they are not good likenesses, anything but that. I, myself have seen him face to face."

"Santissima Maria!" ejaculated the Padre, crossing himself, while the eyes of the party turned on the strange cavalier.

"Would you be pleased, Señor, to recount your interview?" said Don Ignacio.

"I will—but see, we are now at Jalapa!" We had, in fact, reached the gates, and the conversation was broken off.

After breakfast, and a short stay at the principal *fonda*, we were again in the Diligence and *en route* for Mexico, but we found that our fellow traveller in the serape had parted from us in Jalapa. We jolted lazily up the mountains, passing St. Michael's, La Hoya, and a little farther on the *rancho* Las Vigas, the highest point on the road to Mexico. It was near sunset when we reached the entrance of the Barranca Secca, sunset of a bright, unclouded day. Far upon our left the snow capped summit of the Cofrè di Perote towered among the clouds, and to the south-east, the lone peak of Orizava was burnished with the farewell beams of the setting sun. In front lay the dark Barranca in deepening twilight. Most of our party were half asleep as we entered the gloomy pass, feeling secure from the strength of our escort, which, by the influence of Don Ignacio, was larger than usual. About half way up the Barranca we were startled by a shrill whistle from a ravine on the left, followed by shots, and cries of "Barradas! Barradas!—the *ladrones are upon us*!"

All now was consternation—the horses plunged wildly—one of the leaders was hanging dead in the traces, and the driver was shot from his seat. A smart skirmish was going on between the bandits and the dragoons, in which we hastened to take part, but before we could get clear of the Diligencia, the troopers had put spurs to their horses, and were galloping back to Jalapa, having left two of their number dead in the defile. We were now surrounded by the brigands and made prisoners. The stage was rifled of its contents—the driver who had only been wounded was tied upon the box with the reins in his hands. Some of the horses were loosed out, the others shot in the harness, and our whole party mounted, and strongly guarded, were marched off through the defiles of the mountains.

It was quite dark, and we had not as yet seen the faces of any of our captors. We saw, however, by the blaze of their carbines, that they all rode upon good horses, and were dressed in a style peculiar to the bandidos of Mexico.

After travelling all night through deep barrancas, and over quebradas, impassible to those unacquainted with them, we halted at daybreak at a ruined *rancho* that lay upon a spur of the Cofrè di Perote. The band dismounted, he who seemed to be their leader going into the *rancho*. In a short time he returned. It had now become day, and as he approached, our party at once recognized our quondam acquaintance of the Diligencia.

"Now, Caballeros," said he, "you will, both of you, have an opportunity of gratifying your wishes; you, Señor, of making your sketch of Jalapa, for there it lies at your feet, and you, Señor, (to Francisco) of painting the miniature of that notorious villain, Juan Barradas, for here he stands before your face."

"You see, Señores, I have taken pains to gratify you," and so saying, he turned towards the Padre, who stood at some distance, almost blue with terror. "You would hang Juan Barradas on the highest tree in your Departimento, worthy father, (the Padre was now on his knees begging like a craven) it will be time enough to do that when you get him in your power, which you shall never do. I know you well, Padre Terrall, it was you that closed the doors of the Cathedral against the brave troops of Mexia, when they sought shelter from the soldiers of Valencia—you would show no mercy to Juan Barradas, and he accords none to you. Pedro! Felipé! hang the Padre Terrall on the highest limb of yonder pine!"

The order was obeyed almost as abruptly as it was given. Two of the robbers seized hold of the trembling priest, while a third threw his lasso over the limb of a tall pine tree that grew in front of the *rancho*. Catching the noose end, he proceeded to fasten it around the neck of the now half dead victim. Our ejaculations were uttered in vain—we were still bound. At a signal from Barradas, two ladrones seized hold of the lasso, and running out from the tree, swung up the shrieking priest until his head almost touched the limb. His shrieks were soon stifled—blood gushed from his mouth—his head fell over on his shoulders—his limbs quivered a moment, and he hung motionless and senseless in the air!

"Unbind the girl, and bring her to the *rancho*," said Barradas, disappearing, within the door.

A bandit half drunk with *aguadiente*, proceeded to this duty. Not a complaint had as yet escaped the lips of the beautiful girl, and her angel countenance turned silently and sorrowfully toward her aged father, would have melted the hardest heart to pity. It had created other feelings than those of pity in the bosom of the young artist Gonzales, and his eyes flashed fire as the drunken robber approached her.

"Come, my young beauty, hic—you've had a hic—hard ride—you'll like our mountain life, when you get hic—used—to it—you won't have the teatro and the balls.—Ha! Santa Gaudalupe, what a foot to dance," and the ruffian rudely laid hold of her ankle.

The young Spaniard could endure no longer. With a fierce wrench, that tore the skin from his wrist, he freed his right arm, and drawing a pistol from his breast, he levelled and shot the robber through the heart. In a moment he was surrounded by the bandits, who would the next moment have cut him piecemeal, but for the reappearance of their leader, who, on hearing the shot, had rushed out of the rancho and commanded them to hold.

His quick eye soon perceived how matters were. With a stern look he approached Francisco, who stood calm and collected.

"But for this folly, young man, you might have been saved. The detention of you and your camarado, with your pallets and pencils, did not serve the interests of Juan Barradas—our law is 'Sangré por sangré,' and you must die, but you're a brave youth, and shall not be butchered like an ox—here, defend yourself," and he snatched a sword from one of his followers and presented it to the artist. The ladrones sulkily retired to watch the combat, not daring to interfere with this whim of the leader. In a moment Barradas and the Spaniard were clashing swords. From the manner in which the artist handled his weapon, it would have been supposed that he had been all his life used to it. With flashing eyes the combatants frequently met and foiled each other, but the strength of the brigand enabled him to beat down the blows of his antagonist, and he was fast gaining upon him, when his blade snapped off, close to the hilt. The weight of the blow, however, had felled the artist to the earth, and with one hand clutching the bosom of his dress, and the other holding the uplifted dagger, Barradas now knelt above him to strike the final blow.

All eyes were watching for the descending blade, when suddenly the countenance of the robber changed, the uplifted dagger fell from his grasp—he gazed wildly for a moment upon the bared breast of his antagonist—then tottering a few paces, he sat down mechanically on a fragment of rock! With his head resting upon his hands he remained silent and abstracted, and though his band murmured, and wondered, none dared to approach him.

It was a strange wild scene, and I have since endeavored to paint it from memory.

There sat Juan Barradas—his head between his knees—his long black hair falling in masses over his fingers—silently gazing on vacancy. On the right stood his band, in picturesque costumes, murmuring among themselves, and pointing to their leader and the artist, (the latter of whom, had risen upon his knee, and was wildly gazing around him,) and wondering too why his life had been spared. On the left stood the Mexican merchant and his daughter, and at the feet of the latter lay the bleeding body of the drunken ladrone. The horses were grouped over the plateau, some released from their harness, while others with trailing bridles, were plucking the stubbles or picking the leaves of the maguey—high over head swung the stiffening corpse of padre that had already been spied by the Zopilotes—hundreds of which were wheeling above in the blue sky—around were the snowy caps of the Cordilleras, and far to the east stretched the broad clear waters of the gulf glowing like gold under the rays of a tropic sun. It was a strange wild scene, and for a moment I thought it was the creation of a dream. Would it had been only a dream—but no—it was real!

There were some moments—I might say minutes, of deep silence, during which time several of the brigands had stolen nearer to the Spaniard, with the evident intention of despatching him. Their motions were perceived by Barradas who waved them to retire. Some of the boldest of them still advanced. Their leader having recovered from his strange apathy, sprung up and placed himself before the Spaniard.

"Back! cowardly slaves! back, Gabrielle—back—if you dare to disobey my command, dog of a *lépero*, I'll send this bullet through your body and have you thrown on the cerras, as fit food for the Zopilotes—back!"

The brigands intimidated at the unnatural wildness of their leader's speech and manner, slowly and sulkily retired.

"Pedro—Velasque!—unbind the prisoners, and bring them within the *rancho*."

We were soon freed from our cords and conducted into the house where we found the brigand chieftain pacing backward and forward.

"You have fought bravely young man," said he, addressing Francisco, "you have fought bravely, and your life is saved. You and your camarado are free to go—neither of you is worth a hundred clacos, and therefore worth nought to me. As for the merchant and his daughter, they must remain until ransomed!"

"On such conditions, Juan Barradas," said the artist, "I take neither life nor liberty, nor do I stir from this hawk's nest unless this lady and her father are permitted to go along!"

"Ha! I understand you Señor Artista, you would have the girl too! and what conditions now could you give for the payment of their ransom should I liberate them!"

"None but my honor."

"And you, Señor, what can you?"

"I have nought to pledge but my honor."

"By the Lady Gaudalupe—you're a marvellously responsible pair, and I've no doubt that your names will serve you much in the portals of the Plazza Grande, when you reach Mexico—but come, you can pay the ransom yourselves!"

"How?"

"You are both artistas—you, Señor, a landscape painter—look at that scene—is there any in Europe can rival that—see there you have the whole *tierra calienté* of Vera Cruz spread out like a map, and bordered in the distance by the Gulf—this upon your right is the peak of Perotè, beyond is Orizava, and here lies Jalapa, right at your feet—look to the west, here you can see to the very gates of La Puebla—that is the plain of Perote and the volcano rising out of its midst is Tepicaaulca. I've long wished for a painting of these scenes, and you, Mio Amigo," continued he, addressing Francisco, "are a miniature painter, you will wish to take the likeness of Juan Barradas—do so—give me yours in exchange, and as soon as the landscape and the likeness are finished you shall all be set at liberty: this is the ransom!"

These terms were at once agreed to and in a few minutes my friend and I were busily engaged, he upon the bronzed though handsome face of the bandit chieftain, and I in sketching one of the loveliest landscapes that ever smiled invitation to the pencil of a painter.

The sun had just risen over the broad blue gulf changing its purple to gold,—Vera Cruz with its spires, shipping and castle, were burnished with his beam—and between lay the *tierra Caliente* covered with tropical trees whose broad leaves glistened in the early sunbeam—nearer still was Jalapa clustering on a plateau of the Cerras, its clean walls and burnished cupolas greeting the golden light, while the groves and gardens of its villas were every tint and hue from the deep green of the guava to the golden leaf of the orange and the purple of the olive. It seemed as if you could place your hand on the cross of the Cathedral, and you could almost fancy that you heard the hum of the citizens in its busy streets, or the sweet prattle of the black eyed Donzellas as they returned from their morning devotions. It was near evening when we had finished our task. A repast was spread for us in the shade of a gigantic mountain palm; mules and horses stood ready saddled and guides were preparing to conduct us on our journey. During our meal I frequently caught the eye of the robber chief who stood at some distance—bent intently on the countenance of the young Spaniard. The miniature of Francisco was hung around his neck, and once I fancied that I saw him raise it to his lips.

After our meal was finished we mounted our mules and prepared to depart. Barradas approached—"Señores, we may never meet again—perhaps 'tis better we should not. You, Francisco Gonzales,"—we started to hear him mention the name of the artist—"you have my miniature—wear it as a memorial of your adventure among the mountains; and you, Señor, here is the only souvenir about me—please exchange," and he handed me a jewelled pistol. I made the desired exchange.

"Adios, Señores, adios, Senorita, vaya!" and waving his hand, he turned into the *rancho*. We entered a wooded gorge and were soon out of sight. After conducting us over the cerras and through difficult and almost impassable *quebradas*, our guides left us within sight of the gates of La Puebla, and we reached the city in safety. We finally arrived at our destination the city of Mexico, Francisco and myself taking our hotel in the Plazza Grande, and Don Ignacio with his beautiful daughter retiring to his villa on the Tacubaya road.

I pursued my profession of landscape painter with success, my sketches of the neighboring scenery meeting with a ready sale. Francisco had made both money and reputation by his art, but he was growing rich from another source. Scarce a week passed without his receiving large sums of money in such a mysterious manner that no clue could be had as to who was the donor. Sometimes he would find it in his studio, at others it would be thrust into his hand as he passed through the crowd in the theatre, the giver always suddenly disappearing—so that in the course of a few months he found himself in the possession of wealth. Through the friendship of Don Ignacio we were both received into the best Mexican society. Among the many handsome and noble cavaliers who sought the hand of the beautiful Donna Felipa I need hardly say that my friend Francisco had the preference, and in less than six months after our arrival in the capital they were married. I was not so successful, though my stay in the golden capital had been enlivened by the notice of one or two black eyed donzellas, and my prospects for a wife looked rather flattering. During all this time we had not heard of Barradas, except some rumors that were current on the road and in the capital. Some said that he had retired from the mountain of Perotè, while another report asserted that he had been shot in a skirmish with the government troops at the Puente Nacional.

I was sauntering along one evening on the "Paseo Nuevo." It was a beautiful evening even for Mexico, and the léperos were lounging in the shade of the palms and orange trees that bordered the promenade. On the right rose the hill of Chapultepec—the site of Montezuma's palace—away in front, far as the eye could reach, stretched the valley of Mexico—its white haciendas buried in groves of maguey—and rich villas peeping forth from the green and golden foliage of tropical trees,—while on the left rose the snow crowned summits of the volcanoes kissed by the rosy beams of the setting sun! Gorgeous equipages, filled with gay parties of black eyed donzellas, rolled easily along the *alamedo* or halted in the shade, while cavaliers caracoling on handsome steeds, galloped up to receive the bright smile and the sweet congratulation. It was growing dark when I bent my steps towards the city. The last carriage was departing, and I bowed a "buena noche" to its inmates. The soft "adios" was still ringing in my ears, when I was rudely seized from behind, and turning I found myself in the hands of two fierce looking léperos, whom I at once knew to be *ladrones*. They commenced dragging me toward a small clump of almond trees from which they had emerged. I resisted and felt for my pistols. One of the robbers perceiving this, drew his dagger and would instantly have struck, when a flash from behind was quickly followed by the report of a pistol, and the robber letting go his hold, staggered a step, and fell dead at my feet. His comrade immediately fled. I turned and beheld a man in the dress of a *ranchero* whom I had twice met in the course of the evening, and whose face seemed familiar to me.

"I was just in time, Señor Artista, your own pistol saved you—it is a good one, and never misses fire in the hands of Juan Barradas!" The truth was clear. It was Barradas.

"But how"—said I——

"Never mind, Señor, there's no time for explanation. The *guardas* will be on us, and if they could lay hands on Juan Barradas, a short shrift would be his portion. It would be to-night in the *accordada*, to-morrow morning on the *garotte*, for the amusement of gaping thousands—I was in search of you—here take this—it is the amount of a small debt I owe you, and may assist you to ply your pencil with more success. He was but a poor fag of a robber any how," said he, kicking the body of the ladrone, and "deserved no better fate—*I* would die the death of a soldier, and not of a dog, and for that reason Señor, I will bid you an adios, for I hear the tramp of the troopers on the pavement of the Callé!" Vergara! adios! vaya!

So saying he sprung into the *Almendare*, and was soon out of sight.

When I reached my lodgings, I opened the package. It contained one hundred doubloons in gold, and a draft on the bank of Mexico, for a hundred more. There was also a note. I opened it and read:

Señor Artista,

Accept the enclosed, the price of a painting taken from the Rancho del Pico on a plateau of the Cofrè di Perote.

JUAN BARRADAS.

In the month of November, 1838, after bidding farewell to Francisco Gonzales and his beautiful wife, I left the city of Mexico, with the intention of returning to my native land. It was a beautiful morning as the Diligencia drew up before the principal hotel in Jalapa. There was a crowd around the Fonda, and groups of citizens and guests were scattered here and there over the Plazza Grande. The French were at this time blockading Vera Cruz, and I concluded that this was the cause of the unusual excitement. Troops were constantly passing through Jalapa from the capital on their way to Vera Cruz.

As I stood in the portal of the Fonda gazing at the varied scene, my attention was attracted by the roll of a drum, and at the same time a file of soldiers, marching forward, halted in the centre of the square. Another file were conducting some one from the public gaol to the place of execution. This at the time was no unusual sight to the crowd, nor was it new to me.

While I was watching the progress of the party, the voice of a mendicant padre drew my attention. He stood behind a wooden platter, on which the charitable had thrown a few reals and medios.

"Caballeros—Caballeros, por Nuestra Señora Santissima one medio for the soul of Juan Barradas!"

"Juan Barradas! good heavens can it be!" and I involuntarily made my way toward the prisoner. It was indeed the unfortunate bandit. He recognized me as I approached.

"Ah Señor Artista—'tis you I would have spoken with;" and turning to the officer he requested to be allowed a few moments conversation with me. "Señor, a few words will suffice—listen—I am a Spaniard not a Mexican, but from being disgraced by the tyrant of my native country, I became a renegado. I came to Mexico and joined the free Americanos. Revolution after revolution found me in the ranks of the patriot army. War had become my trade. I belonged to the Yorkinos, and when the brave Guerrero was executed, I, too, was proscribed. I took to the hills, changed my name, and became a *bandido*. You know me only as such—but hear me. From the moment I first saw him, I felt a strange interest in your camarado, Francisco Gonzales. At our *rancho* in the mountains, I would have saved his life, but it became necessary for us to fight to appease my band. You saw our struggle and its ending. You wondered that his life was spared—so did he—so did all; listen—when his breast was bared before my blow, a cross met my eye. A cross stained on his bosom, with the initial F. G. I myself had made that cross when we played as boys together in the streets of Seville. My name is not Barradas, but Gonzales. He was my brother! I need not tell you whence came the sums of money which he afterward received in Mexico. They were given him that he might fairly match with the daughter of the merchant Nuñez. From that day, I became an altered man. I swore upon that morning, to make myself worthy of my brother. I left my band and betook myself to the city, to watch for some opportunity of retrieving my name from infamy. I watched over my brother's safety, and twice in the disguise of a lépero, have I saved him from assassination. But the odium I had fallen into with the church by the execution of the Padre Torrall, followed me. Large sums were staked upon my head—I was hunted from place to place, and still escaped. Having heard that the French were blockading Vera Cruz, I was on my way thither, hoping by some desperate chance to establish myself in the army, when I was betrayed to the authorities of Jalapa by one of my old associates—the robber Gabrielle—and there is now no hope left."

Barradas cast his eyes on the ground—I could not offer one word of consolation.

After a pause he resumed—"'Tis fortunate you came, Señor, I can now die firmly, that I know my brother will hear all. There is his miniature—God bless you, boy—God bless you, Francisco,"—kissing the miniature—"return it to him, Señor—tell him I died an altered man—they are impatient—farewell, Señor—my poor brother—farewell, Señor, adios!"

* * * * * * * *

The troops were drawn out in line, their polished carbines gleaming in the sun.

With breast bared and arms folded, Juan Barradas fronted the line—firmly awaiting the fatal moment.

* * * * * * * *

A trumpet sounded on the outskirts of the village, and presently a group of gorgeously dressed officers galloped into the Plazza Grandé. They were headed by a tall man in the uniform of a Mexican General. It was Santa Ana and his suite on their way to Vera Cruz.

"Who is the prisoner?" asked Santa Ana of an officer, pointing toward Barradas.

"Juan Barradas, your excellenza."

"Ha! 'tis well—let him be released, and bring him hither!"

In a moment Barradas, released from his chains, was standing by the stirrup of Santa Ana.

"Juan Barradas, will you undertake"—here the conversation was carried on in a whisper—but it was evident that Santa Ana was proposing to Barradas some difficult and dangerous piece of service against the French.

That evening Juan Barradas accompained the troops of Santa Ana to Vera Cruz.

A French squadron was lying in the harbor of Vera Cruz, and the "fleur de lis" floated presumptuously against the very walls of San Juan de Ulua. On the 5th of December, the French, headed by Prince de Joinville, attacked the town. The assault was furious, and as bravely sustained by the soldiers of Santa Ana. The assailants had succeeded, however, in reaching the barrio, and had taken possession of some houses, when a squadron of cavalry headed by Col. Gonzales galloping from their ambush in a field of cane, attacked them on the left. At the same time, Santa Ana at the head of his troops, made a well timed sortie from the gates, and the French, routed, were pursued to their boats, and shortly after the siege was raised. During the attack a cannon ball, from one of the French ships, carried off the leg of the Mexican General, but the eagle and the nopal once more floated in triumph above the walls of San Juan de Ulua.

In the summer of 1842, I revisited the city of the Montezumas. Immediately on my arrival, I repaired to the house of my friend Francisco Gonzales. It was the day of a President's levee, and my friend was preparing to start for the National Palace. He insisted on my accompanying him and receiving an introduction to the great military chieftian of the south. After the necessary preparations we set out. When we entered the Grand Sala, it was already filled with officers in gorgeous uniforms—foreign ministers in their state dresses, and members of the *corps diplomatique*. Santa Ana sat on a *throne*,* magnificently carved and gilded—while over him was a crimson canopy fringed and bordered with gold! An officer in rich uniform, who was standing on his right, recognized us as we entered, and was making his way toward us. As he approached, Francisco smiling, took my hand.

"Let me introduce you, Amigo, to my brother, Colonel Juan Gonzales!" It was unnecessary. He had already grasped my hand, and I recognized in Colonel Gonzales, the reclaimed *Barradas!*

* A fact!

Original Song.

TO MY BIRTHDAY.

A Bravado Against "Old Father Time."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST BY STRUTWELL SHALLOW, ESQ.

Thou day, that I've expected long,
And dreaded long to see,
Pray, tell me, ain't thy tidings wrong?
I can't be twenty-three!
In fact, it was but yesterday—
And this, you know, is true—
That I could, with clear conscience, say
My age was twenty-two!

And now, I am the self-same man
That yesterday I was:—
My stature has its former span—
My hair's still a la Bee:—
My garments just as well go on—
My waistcoat's just as tight—
My boot still chafes that horrid corn—
My pocket's still as light.

And—yes—that head-ache now remains
As for these six days past—
(That frolic almost split my brains,
I think it shall be the last.)
And—now I think—my heart's the same—
It still loves that gay girl,
Whose grace has lit my soul with flame
And set my thoughts awhirl.

Egad! I cannot think of her
Without a heart-felt flash;
A hundred charms of character—
A thousand charms of cash;—
The speaking "angel" in her brow—
The shining in her purse;—
I seem to love her more just now,
Than all the universe.

But oh! she's only "sweet sixteen,"
And I am twenty-three!
Who says there's full six years between—
That it can never be.
Alas, alack! what can be done?—
She never will say "yes."
But if I were just twenty-one,
I think my hopes she'd bless.

Oh, that I could but be a maid
For only half an hour!
Her heart should by my love be swayed
To own its conquering power:
For hoary Time, as well we know,
Has turned a gallant wight,
And grants a maid a year or so,
As though it were her right.

But to each youthful bachelor—
A rival in his eye—
He is a most unmannered bore;
Indeed a perfect spy.
He notes the years that o'er him go,
In wrinkled marks of ill:
But maidens with the curved old beau
Can have it as they will.

Let's see—ah, yes! confound the churl!
If I don't "fix" him yet,
I'll never court another girl,
Or make another bet:—
I'm not so stout as many men,
And, sideways, I am slim—
I've snuffed a wick at paces ten—
By Jove, I'll challenge him!

LAUGHTER—is defined by some phisyologist to be "a shock of the nerves produced by some idea which unexpectedly kicks up its heels and knocks us into convulsions."

Original Poem.

BRADDOCK'S FIELD.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

[The following stanzas are extracts from a poem by a very young friend of ours. The title of the poem is "The Lost Daughter," and it will be noticed that many parts of this extract relate to and illustrate the general subject. We have selected the prominent theme of these stanzas, as the title of our selection, but could not forbear the temptation to copy the other stanzas also. In our opinion, and we think the reader will coincide with us, these from a writer who has just stepped over the threshold of youth, give promise of high excellence hereafter.]

'Tis sweet to wander to some forest glade,
Where Nature plies her work, unknown, unseen;
Where ever dwells uninterrupted shade,
And beauty lingers, robed in living green.
'Tis there I seem to be what ne'er I've been
Before—a son of Nature and of God.
For, throned where all his wondrous works are seen,
I own the power of Him who wields the rod,
Whilst earth and heaven fear, and tremble at His nod.

'Tis sweet, full oft, to see an infant boy
Throned on his mother's lap, smile innocent.
How, in his face beams every childish joy,
How, in his soul glows One omnipotent—
His sorrows are all drowned in merriment,
And all his Father brightens in his eyes.
He seems like one from purer regions sent
A beauty from the realms beyond the skies.
'Tis sweet to see the smile that sparkles in his eyes.

'Tis sad to see the snowy lilies droop,
And fall and wither in their youthful bloom.
'Tis sad to see them, as they slowly stoop
In death, and sink into eternal gloom.
'Tis sad to see forever in the tomb
The young and lovely placed, to view them fade
And die in all their grace, and youth and bloom—
Each blushing beauty, and each smiling maid,
In death's eternal sleep, in endless silence laid.

And oft my heart owns sorrow's sable reign,
When Memory, poised upon her azure wing,
Floats gently o'er the blissful hours again
Which blessed my infant years. 'Tis a sad thing
To see a youthful beauty's spirit wing
Its noiseless flight, to realms beyond the skies,
There to be judged by the Eternal King
In whose broad arm the Power of Powers lies—
At whose dread frown the hope of conquering nations dies.

And oft 'tis sad to wander in the plain*
Where first Columbia's noblest son displayed
The mighty mind which lent to fame a grace,
And decked with immortality his head.
Here he stood safe—by Providence up-stayed;
Here moved, protected by his present God,
Unscathed—where fell full many a mighty shade.
Saved from this day, 'neath Vernon's peaceful sod,
He rests; while on their graves the beauteous wild flowers nod.

Here fought and fell, fell many a warrior. Here,
Red Battle waved his sceptre, where now wave
The golden crops;—where clamored strife and fear,
Now plenty smiles. And silent in the grave
Here sleep Britannia's sons, who crossed the wave
With happy hopes, and expectations gay.
But ah! how soon they died, with those they'd save,
How soon did gloom o'ershade their cloudless day,
Whilst Hope, affrighted shrieked, and heav'nward winged her way.

Far fell they from their white-cliffed island home—
Far from the scenes where dwelt their infancy—
None, save the winds, weep o'er their lonely tomb,
"Or paid the passing tribute of a sigh."
Yet dull and sad grew fair Britannia's eye
When Death with terror robed, and dripping wings,
Soar'd o'er her gayest hopes, and, poised on high
Howled the dread tale. Oh when woe sorrow sings
Her low and mournful lay, she rules the hearts of kings.

And this is hallowed ground, for here are laid
In death's eternal, dreamless sleep, for aye
Those who were once in beauty—now arrayed
In fame—which ne'er while England lives, will die.
Sleep on ye shades of heroes! For on high
Minerva's eagle found a resting place.
America rejoice! Exult! Here lie
Those who have decked thee with immortal grace.
Weep tyranny, for such, ne'er'll be your resting place!

S. W. F.

* Braddock's field. The writer was recently there, and picked up, as memorials of his visit, an officer's button, several grape shot, flattened bullets, and darts and flints.

The City Mirror.

THE SAILOR IN FRANKLIN SQUARE.

One of the most delightful places of Summer lounging in the world, is afforded by the seats round the Fountain, in Franklin Square. The whole aspect and atmosphere of the place invite to rest and soothe to placidity. No matter how weary or perplexed, is the visitor, the music of the Fountain can hardly fail while he hears it, to make a contented man of him. Among the sitters one day last Summer was a brawny-fisted honest sailor. Such worthies often find their way there; but of this particular sailor, we have some thing particular to say.

Jack's hat was in the true dandy nautical position—poised precisely on three hairs, with a slight heel to starboard and three fathoms of ribbon upon it. His whiskers were none of your effeminate, lavender and otto scented, pain-nursed, and unguent-coaxed, scanty apologies. They were such as an upholsterer might long to waylay and rob him of—regular no mistakes, needing no cultivation, but like their owner, frequent shocks. His shoes were a caution to Day & Martin—trowsers of ample size made a tolerable sized foot small and neat. Jacket and trowsers were true blue—the kerchief was jauntily tied, and in a word, Jack was the personification of a sailor dandy.

We took a liking to the chap, and could not help watching him. He in turn, watched all that passed—but it was as one curious, but not interested. He seemed to regard the world ashore, somewhat as Cooper's Long Tom Coffin looked at it—a very good place to land upon occasionally for fresh provisions and water, but not worth a man's while to stay amongst. He looked at those who passed as one observes a dancing monkey—worth looking at while before the eyes, but not worth turning the head to see. Without his dress, one could have known he was a stranger. His thoughts were elsewhere. Did an old man pass? Jack might seem to see him—but thought of his own old father. Did an old lady toot by? an image of an old woman was made on the retina of his eye—but the laws of optics were interrupted, and the idea of another old woman—his mother was conveyed to his brain. A boy reminded him of his brother—a girl of his sister—perhaps of somebody dearer. The confusion of thought was too much for Jack—the multitude of objects was more than he could manage. The sea in its fury would excite Jack less than this moving panorama of humanity. He did at last as people are very apt to do when tired. He fell asleep.

To one who is used to the soft side of a plank for a bed, and swab for a pillow, with an occasional dash of water by way of variety, a good seat is no bad accommodation. He who can "ride and sleep," as the song goes, must be queerly constituted, if he cannot sit and sleep. So Jack snored on.

"Humph!—Drunk!" said a pharisee, and passed—a man of little soul—and not capable of virtue enough to be vicious, if he would. So all had some comment for honest Jack, who cared just as much asleep for them as he did awake. Sailors are expected by this charitable world, to be content to be its playthings—to acknowledge themselves an inferior class—good only by accident—drunken, reckless, spendthrift, as a matter of course. Average their lives, and the worst of them are better than their revilers. Take them as a class, and they possess in character more to admire, more to respect—more to interest than any other. Their virtues are their own—their vices are those of landsmen, who draw them in to share the spoils.

Ladies half turned to look at Jack as he rested. Boys stopped and thought of attempting tricks—but the sailor's arm seemed too muscular, and the rattan which he held carelessly in his sleep, counseled too eminently of wales. The little rascals passed on and left their mischief unattempted. A little group composed of a young woman and two or three plainly, but neatly dressed children, in approaching the spot, appeared to regard the sleeper with more than ordinary interest. As they slowly passed, the youngest, a little rogue in a frock, with a black japanned belt, broke adrift from his conductor, and throwing himself, without ceremony, between the sailor's knees, looked archly up in his face. The mother ran to reclaim her child—the sailor had rubbed himself awake as she came up. "God bless my eyes, Mary! is that you!" They were brother and sister—and therefore, the strictest moralist could take no exception to the mutual kiss—many a less innocent one is given in the drawing room than they exchanged in the Square.

What chances and changes! Little did honest Jack think to meet the sister he had parted from in a Western village ten years before, a wife in good business a mother in the city. Little did she think to meet her long lost brother, asleep by the fountain. The young scamp who waked the sailor, kicked a little, as Jack shouldered him; and the little company moved cheerfully and rapidly from the spot to a place where they might exchange their stories and congratulations, with none present but those who could participate in their pleasure.

PEA NUTS.

We have often been amused at the awkward figure which many people make in buying pea nuts. They gape earnestly at the sky, or pretend to be very busily engaged in watching something or somebody at a distance; or else they cram the esculents hastily into the pocket, with the trepidation of a novice, appropriating to himself the property and chattels of another. The whole manner of concluding the bargain, and consummating it by the delivery and receipt of the article covenanted for, makes the high contracting parties appear like persons, who, if not absolutely ashamed of themselves, are sensible that they ought to be. The buyer backs up to the apple woman's stand, holding open his coat pocket with his hand behind him, as if merely putting it there for the elegance of the attitude, or he holds his breeches pocket open, while pretending to be placing his arms akimbo. He whistles "Such a gettin up stairs," and drums with one foot, or he works the features of his face with amusing ingenuity, in order to look foolish, and seem to have nothing to do, and no particular reason for standing just in that spot, just at that time. Meanwhile the apple woman, though bothered with no mock modesty, plays full as ridiculous a share in the pantomime. An apple woman's fingers are always all thumbs, notice it when you will. If by any chance a "likely looking girl in the face" as they say down East, happens to take to an apple stand for a living, she is sure to be one with mutton fists, and extensive feet.

Thus is the confusion of the poor purchaser worse confounded, by the fumbling awkwardness of the vender of pea nuts. Between the mouth of the pocket and the mouth of the measure, the clumsy fingers before mentioned, the trepidation of the purchaser, and the over politeness and haste of the seller, no small number of the nuts are sure to be dropped upon the ground. This increases the difficulties of the scene and occasion; for he who will stoop to buy pea nuts in the street, will stoop to pick up a half one if he drops it. The conclusion of the whole performance, the manner of the man's exit, is like that of one who has stolen a sheep, and managed to escape without being caught with it precisely upon his back, who walks hurriedly and guiltily as if conscious that some of the fleece must be sticking to his garments. So sneaks off the man whose pockets are laden with the vilest vegetable pill sold in this market—the innutricious, unhealthy, offensive, breath impregnating, stomach disordering—pea nut.

Tobacco is myrrh to the effluvia of this abomination; ipecac is frankincense; a brimstone match is a fragrant pastile, and assafœtida of sweet smelling savor; and an atmosphere of the whole is a perfect elysium, compared to the air which is breathed in places where pea nut eaters most do congregate.

Gas broke loose is nothing to the dense and thick odor of the Jersey abomination. We

—— would not enter in our list of friends
Though blessed with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly—chews pea nuts.

In the last extremity of starvation—when all the leather within reach has been boiled into soup—(better at that than some turtle)—we could forgive a man for eating pea nuts. But under no other pretext, pretence or excuse is such a sin tolerable or endurable. How the ladies have permitted such an article to become one of "general use," how some of them can even eat pea nuts themselves we cannot imagine. The sentence of Nebuchadnezzar upon all who partake of them!

WHAT'S THE PRICE OF MUTTON!—A few days since, says the Cincinnati Commercial, an Englishman for the first time visited one of the markets, pencil and paper in hand, to ascertain the prices of the different articles, for his notes in America. Approaching a butcher's stall, he inquired the price of a very fine quarter of mutton. "Twenty-five cents," said the owner. "I asked you a civil question," said the Englishman. "I gave you a civil answer," said the butcher, "and I cannot afford to sell my mutton less. It is a very fine article, you will observe, and we must have a living profit." "Well," said the stranger, "who could have thought it. I was not aware that such a thing could have been found in the world. In London, such a piece of meat would have commanded five dollars!" The traveller took down his notes, the butcher opened his eyes wide, and we sloped.

ROSSINI'S PLAGIARISMS.—Mr. Henry Phillips, the vocalist, tells a good anecdote illustrative of Rossini's unblushing appropriations of other composers' ideas to his own use. Neukomm—we think that was the man—says Mr. Phillips, went to Rome to hear one of Rossini's operas, and was astonished to find that every gem was his own composition, literally transferred to Rossini's score. The despoiled artist taxed Rossini with the theft. "Certainly, I admit they are your own," said Rossini, "but I think so much of your genius, that I cannot forbear to make use of its productions; and if you think as highly of any thing of mine you may have heard to-night, you are welcome to use it."

The Odd Corner.

THE CHEROKEE NATION.

The following particulars, relative to the Cherokee Government will interest many of our readers. They are extracted from the Cherokee Advocate:

The Government of the Cherokee Nation is Republican—and is composed of the Executive, Legislative, and the Judical Departments.

The Executive Department consists of a principal Chief, an assistant principal Chief, and an Executive Council of five members.

The Principal and Assistant Chiefs are elected once in every four years, by a majority of the qualified voters of the Nation; every sane male Cherokee citizen, who has attained the age of eighteen years, being entitled to a vote.

It is the duty of the principal Chief, to see that the laws are regularly enforced, and to discharge those functions usually vested in an Executive Head. He is empowered with the veto and the power of pardoning persons convicted and sentenced to punishment for capital crimes, under certain restrictions.

The Legislative Department consists of the National Committee and the Council—each of the eight Districts into which the Nation is divided, being represented by two members in the former branch, and three in the latter. These members are elected in the same manner as the Chiefs, once every two years.

They meet annually, at Tahlequah, on the first Monday in October, in General Council, to legislate upon the general affairs of the Nation. No bill can become a law until it has received the concurrence of both branches of the National Council and the approval of the principal Chief. In case the principal Chief disapproves of any bill which has passed the National Council, he returns it with his objections in writing to the body in which it originated. A vote of two-thirds of the members of the National Council is necessary to make any bill a law, the passage of which has been objected to by the principal Chief.

The powers of the National Committee and the Council are the same, except in cases of impeachment, and appropriations of money. All appropriations originate in the Council, but are subject to approval, modification, or rejection by the National Committee.

Impeachment for violation or neglect of duty may be tendered by the Council against any public officer of the Nation. The National Committee then becomes a specially constituted court for the trial of such case.

Members of the National Council receive for their services a *per diem*, of three dollars, while they are in session.

The Judiciary is divided into the Supreme, the Circuit and the District Courts, whose respective duties and jurisdiction are clearly defined by law.

The Supreme Court consists of a Chief Justice and four Associates—the Circuit Court of a Judge for each of the two Judicial Circuits into which the Nation is divided, and the District Court of a Judge for each of the eight Districts.

All Judges are elected by a joint vote of the Committee and Council.

The Supreme Judges hold their seats for the term of four years, the Circuit two years, and the District one year. The first receive a per diem of five dollars, while engaged in holding Court; the second two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and the last one hundred dollars per annum.

In addition to these officers, there is also a Sheriff for each district, who is elected by the voters of his district every two years, and who receives for his services a salary of two hundred dollars per annum.

The right of trial by an impartial jury of his countrymen, and of being confronted face to face by his accusers and witnesses, and of legal advice is secured to every person amenable to, and charged with an infraction of the laws of the Cherokee Nation.

The laws of the Cherokees are not sanguinary, nor unnecessarily severe—murder and treason being the only crimes punishable with death. Thefts, arson, and similar offences with stripes.

Debts are recoverable by law. The property of the wife cannot be sold without her consent, to satisfy debts contracted by her husband, and *vice versa*.

The Cherokees have no system of taxation. All expenses attending the administration of their public affairs, are defrayed out of annuities received from the United States.

The public funds of the Nation are placed in the hands of a National Treasurer, who gives bond and good security for their safe-keeping and disbursement according to law. Before the National Treasurer can pay out any funds entrusted to his care, on any account whatever, an appropriation authorizing him to do so, must be first made by the National Council, by special enactment, and a warrant be issued thereon by the Principal Chief.

All persons holding office under the Executive, Legislative and Judicial departments of the Government of the Nation, are required, before entering upon the discharge of their duties, to take oath to support and defend the Constitution and laws.

MEDITATIONS ON MR. BARRY'S NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LILY STEAMBOAT.

The wharf-bell tolls the knell of starting steam,
The jostling crowd pours quickly o'er the pier;
The ladies forward rush with timid scream,
And leave the stern to *Punch* and bottled beer.

Now fades each public building from the sight,
As on her course the *Lily* steamer holds,
Till new St. Stephen's rears its moderate height,
Which many a tier of scaffolding infolds,

Beneath those beams; these yet unfinished towers,
At present echoing with the workmen's clang;
Upon their legs, perchance, for weary hours,
Shall Britain's future senators harangue.

Full many a Whig of coldest heart screech,
Shall broach his philosophic nonsense there;
Full many a Tory, born abuse to screen,
Shall waste his humbug on the midnight air.

Some future Duncombe, there, with dauntless breast,
The tyrant of his diocese shall twit;
Some mute, good-humored Brougham contented rest—
Some Sibthorp, guiltless of his country's wit.

Mourn not the Houses burnt some years ago;
No vain regrets the ruin'd pile requires.
Ev'n from its dust a voice exclaims, "Oh! Oh!
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."—*Punch*

NO IMITATION.—A Frenchman went into an eating house to warm his hands. The proprietor asked him what he would like to take.

"Any thing you please," was the reply.

"Would you like to take roast goose?"

"If you please."

The Frenchman made a good dinner, and was about to go, when the eating house keeper asked for payment.

"What for!" exclaimed the Frenchman; "I have called for nothing. You ask me if I will take this and if I will take that, and I say, 'if you please.'"

The landlord, pleased with his address, let him off. He told a friend of his good fortune, who tried to "come the same game," but with very different success, for he was turned out of doors.

"The first man was an original," said the landlord, "but you are an imitator."

SENTIMENTALITY.—A late writer observes that a ramble to the Isle of France—the scene of St. Pierre's affecting story of Paul and Virginia—has caused many fair eyes to flow, and put many white pocket handkerchiefs into action. Gently reproving this "tutored sentimentality," he says "the late Theodore Hook—the only time he was ever guilty of sentimentality—once visited the tomb of these unhappy lovers, in order, as he said, to weep over their ashes, but unluckily, after shedding tears half an hour over what he imagined to be their resting place, he found to his confusion that he had been *weeping over the wrong tomb*."

QUEER DRIVING.—A short time since as the mail stage was going one dark night from Boston to Portsmouth, the driver was alarmed by the cry of "oh lordy, we are kilt, every soul of us." The driver jumped off his box, and found that he had driven into a cabriole, demolished it and "spilt" an Irishman and two women. The driver somewhat enraged that the gallant Hibernian should keep the middle of the road, gave him a pretty severe lecture, and concluded by asking him if he did not see the lights on the stage? "Yes, and to be shure I did, and drowve *right between them!*"

A PERSON who was very fond of poetry lent a volume of poems to a young lady; when the lady returned the book, he asked her if she did not think the figures of poetry beautiful. "They are very *handy*," said she, "for I was able to see by them how many lines I read a minute." She had noticed only the figures which denote the number of lines. Exquisite taste!

HE ONLY is worthy of esteem that knows what is just and honest, and dares do it—that is master of his own passions, and scorns to be a slave to another's. Such a one, in the lowest poverty, is a far better man and merits more respect than those gay things who owe all their greatness and reputation to their rentals and revenues.

GUANO.—There have been so many disturbances among the vessels at Ichaboe, loading with Guano, in quarrelling for turns, that a vessel of war has been sent from St. Helena to preserve order. If war should grow out of this struggle for manure, it would be deemed a singular tho' fertile cause of quarrel.

A FAITHFUL LABORER.—It was said of the well known Charles Selwyn, after his death: "He had nothing to do—*and he did it*."

United States SATURDAY POST.

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NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

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For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

J. S. JAMES is now on a collecting tour through the State of Delaware. We hope our friends will be prepared to settle their bills when he calls on them. 3t

JOHN W. MORRIS, of Shreveport, Louisiana, is duly authorised to receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper. 3t

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The town has been, all this week, in a state of most animated bustle. Every body, men, women and children, seem to have partaken in the interest excited by the returns of a pretty closely contested election. First one party were the top wave of hope, and then another; for enough States have now recorded their votes, when the returns shall be in, to decide who, on the Fourth of March next, is to be inaugurated President of the United States. Of the details, such particulars as we were able to obtain, up to the hour of going to press, will be found in another column. To that we refer the reader.

It is painful to notice that there have been, this year, any exceptions to the perfect peace which should attend the exercise of their dearest privilege by freemen. But while we notice these exceptions elsewhere, it is a matter of honest pride to Pennsylvanians, that in our State and city, the election passed off with such perfect and exemplary quiet. This was a result which was not due to the absence of exciting causes, or to the forbearance of bill-posting politicians; for the placards which spotted the walls were, many of them, of a most inflammatory character. But the moral sense of the community, and the innate love of order which is the habit of the great mass of our citizens, secured us a triumph of the whole people in this respect—a triumph in which all parties may unite.

There is an agreeable intoxication in the general delirium of a whole community upon one subject. There is a sort of sympathy in it, which unites all classes, and how-d'ye-does those together who might not else speak. When every body is privileged to ask the news of every body, and every body is bound to answer every body, why certainly every body must admit that this is good practical republicanism and equality. It breaks down distinctions and wipes out lines of difference, and makes our four years jubilees pleasant matters to look back upon, and to look forward to, and whatever may be the defeat of any party, its members forthwith call in Hope to soothe their disappointment, and look forward to "better luck next time."

And close upon the election comes another theme of talk—the President's Message, and the deliberations of Congress. Some of the members of that body are already in Washington, taking their choice of rooms and accommodations, and settling themselves comfortably before the hurly burly of daily arrivals commences. Three weeks will open the Congressional campaign, and as there are no election cases to pass upon, and as the several members are already advised of each other's metal and calibre, they can plunge at once into business, without any preliminary skirmishes. Whatever else they do, they must not forget the Post Office Law. That is a question, if indeed, any can be, unaffected by party considerations. There are but two legitimate parties in the contest; the people on one side, and the government on the other, and even their interests are, or ought to be, identical. Whatever is done should be done quickly, for the session lasts but three months.

The Foreign News, this week, possesses, perhaps, less interest, and is of less importance than almost any "batch" we have ever received from the "old country." With this trip, however, the semi-monthly arrivals cease, as the steamers make but one trip per month in the Winter season. How has the miracle of steam passed into the hum-drum-ishness of an every day matter! And how, so far as the transmission of news on any continent is concerned, is it to be superseded by the instantaneous agent—Magnetism! As has been remarked, this new application of electricity establishes a paradox. News is received from Baltimore in Washington, *in less than no time*; for as the time is over a minute later in the latter in the former place, the matter telegraphed from Baltimore at four o'clock, absolutely gets into Washington *before four!* The day is coming when the time required to hear news between California and the farthest Ind, will be only that necessary for the ocean passage between the Old World and the New;—nay it may be that even the ocean will be instantaneously traversed with the lightning communication—or that from vessels in mid ocean friends may talk to their friends on shore. The bare thought of such miracles makes one's head giddy. Will a scientific Babel mock the efforts of man toward this consummation?

Referring the reader with pleasure and pride to the contents of what we consider a good paper in its literary, miscellaneous and news departments, we wish him joy if he feels joy in the election returns; and, if otherwise, would console him, if he needs it, and if we knew how.

END OF TRANSGRESSORS.

It will be recollected that two persons some time since ran away from London, having embezzled some forty or fifty thousand dollars belonging to the Bank of England. Their names were Joseph Elder and William Burgess, the latter a clerk in the Bank. They reached Boston in September last, via Canada, from England, and had boarded at the Pavilion Hotel, under the assumed name of Ellis. On Thursday of last week another Bank Clerk, and a Police officer from London arrived at Boston in pursuit.

In the afternoon of the same day they arrested Elder, and obtained information that Burgess was at Nahant. A party of officers proceeded to the Hotel, and one of them found the culprit, but by some extraordinary accident, he made his escape from the person who arrested him, and fled. He was heard of from a cottage at Nahant, and a boat was the next day missing from the beach, and the conclusion is that he either put out to sea, in the hope of being taken up by a vessel, or that he crossed over to the main land.

On Friday morning, on opening the cell of Elder, at the Jail, he was found dead, having committed suicide in the night by hanging himself. We learn that he had invested his ill gotten gains in stock and treasury notes, the certificates of which were found on his person, when he was arrested, and that these, with the money found in the room of Burgess, at Nahant, make up the sum received by them except about three thousand dollars, which has unquestionably been spent.

Burgess has since been found and arrested, and is in prison, awaiting conveyance to England for trial.

THE CANALS.

The packet boats for passengers on the Pennsylvania Canal, for Pittsburg, will discontinue running after the 15th of November inst. The freight boats will of course continue until closed by ice.

THE LUCY WALKER.

We find in the Louisville Courier the following list of the passengers and crew of the Lucy Walker, as far as ascertained. Forty one persons are known to have been killed. The Courier expresses the opinion that a large number of deck passengers were lost, the number of whom cannot be ascertained, as there was no register of their names, and in all probability their bodies were consumed on board of the boat. There were said to be at least one hundred and thirty on board, only ninety-five of whom have been accounted for.

Killed.—Charles Donne, pilot, Louisville; Nicholas Ford, do.; A. E. Edwards, Shelbyville, Ky.; Samuel M. Brown, Lexington, Ky.; Mr. Norris, residence unknown; supposed to be in Ky.; Jacob Meeker, Madison, Ia.; Wm. Watt, Starkville, Miss.; Rev. James McCreary, Wilcox County, Ala.; James Doras, Philadelphia; Philip Wallace, Baltimore; Jacob Nolner, Washington City, family at Petersburg; a child of A. H. Foster, Greensburg, Va.; Capt. David Vann, Ark.; Mr. McKay, second clerk; two badly burned bodies unrecognized; twelve slaves, and one deck hand.

Missing.—James Vanderberg, of Louisville; Peter Hadlock, New Albany; Mr. Duncar, New Orleans; Gen. J. W. Pegram, Richmond, Va.; John R. Cosmick, Norfolk, Va.; Zachariah Hughes, Lexington, Ky.; Richard Barnes, Mt. Washington, Ky.; Wm. P. Sanders, do.; Moses Kirby, pilot; Wm. Spangler, a deck hand; four negro firemen.

Badly Wounded.—Captain Thompson, pilot, Jeffersonville; Dr. Webb, Princeton, Ky.; Wm. R. McKain, of Tennessee; Rev. James Young, Dallas County, Alabama; Charles A. Bain, Virginia.

Slightly Wounded.—Rev. D. Presley, Starkville, Miss.; J. M. Angerean and wife, N. O.; Alexander Martin, N. O.; Mrs. Taylor and child, Norfolk, Va.; Wm. H. Peeples, Va.; J. M. Roberts, Philadelphia; Alexander Crayton, Louisville; Lewis Sloat.

Uninjured.—Rev. Mr. Todd, Louisville; Jno. Hixon, Portland, Ky.; Henry Beebe, N. O.; Charles C. Tibbs, Leesburg, Va.; G. B. Sanders, Ballitt County, Ky.; John Allston, Rapides, La.; Miss Smith, of Va.; A. H. Foster, wife and two children, Greensburg, Va.; Mr. Brewer, wife, child and servant, Baton Rouge, La.; Mr. Amos, wife, three children and servant, Columbus, Miss.; W. H. Peeples, wife, four children and servant; Mr. Tilby, wife and two children; Rev. Mr. Wilson and lady; five slaves belonging to Capt. Vann.

VALPARAISO.

Dates from Valparaiso to the 16th of August, represent the country as peaceful and happy. Bulnes is still President of Chili, and his administration has been attended with much success. Peace has been perfectly preserved, since he came into office. He is liked very much, and the expiration of his term of office will be regretted by all. A new port has been opened on the Island of Chiloe, called San Miguel. The increased call for timber is such that a large number of vessels are constantly in waiting for cargoes, at San Carlos, and the government have heretofore deemed it expedient to open a new port. On the 19th July there was a smart shock of an earthquake at Valparaiso, which lasted a few seconds. A heavy cart and oxen in going up one of those winding roads cut in the side of the steep hills around Valparaiso, came too near the edge and fell off the precipice, striking on the roof of a house below. Both cart and oxen went through, demolishing nearly the whole of the roof. Happily, no person was injured, although the inmates of the house were greatly terrified. The oxen were torn to pieces, and of the cart scarcely a piece six inches long could be found. Business is quite brisk, and better than it has been for some time. There were 79 vessels in port, of which 28 are English, 4 French, 3 American, &c. The English friage Dublin left a few days before for Callao. The English corvette Champion is now at Valparaiso, and the French frigate Adrian.

LITERARY COMPENSATION.

The French papers received by the last arrival, furnish some curious particulars relative to the publication of M. Thiers' History of the Consulate and the Empire—a continuation of his History of the Revolution. A partnership fund amounting to 525,000 francs (£21,000 sterling) was, it seems, provided for the payment of the copy-right and expenses, and the society provisionally formed some years ago, was to receive a regular working organization, when the author should have completed his manuscript. The society now, by public act, declares that "M. Thiers' work being in a very advanced state, the members consider it for their interest at once to begin the publication." The author has, it is said, already received 320,000 francs on account of his work—which was to be paid at the rate of 40,000 francs for each of the first nine volumes—the tenth and concluding volume entitles him to 140,000 francs. M. Thiers receives, then, for copyright 500,000 francs—no less a sum in English money, than £20,000. At this rate, M. Thiers undoubtedly finds it worth his while to write. The book will have a great run in this country also.

RIOT IN BALTIMORE.

In New York the election passed off without any riot or disturbance worth mentioning, so perfect were the arrangements to compel good order. But the election in Baltimore did not pass off without serious fighting. In the Twelfth Ward, a rencontre took place between two fellows, named William Stewart and Jacob Miller, and the latter drew a revolving pistol, and discharged five of the barrels, a ball from one of which took effect in the shoulder of Stewart. Miller was arrested and committed to prison. At the Thirteenth Ward polls, a man named John Smith was shot in the left side, and the ball passing down into the abdomen, caused a wound which will inevitably cause his death. It is not known by whom the shot was fired. In other wards there were several fights, and brickbats and other missiles were freely used at different times.

MICKY FREE'S SISTER.

In a letter to a Boston paper, from Ireland, a curious anecdote is given connected with the people's joy on the liberation of O'Connell. Those who had no hats or caps to swing and throw up, waved the tattered skirts of their old coats, gowns and coats. One old woman, withered and shrivelled and bent all up, in her frantic ecstasy, could get hold of nothing to swing, reached up her withered arm, and seized the hat of a well dressed gentleman who was pushing his way past her, pulled it off, and swung it about her head, and gave three cheers and huzzas for the Liberator; then coolly replaced the hat again on his head—the gentleman folding his arms, and letting the old woman swing his hat to her heart's content.

MR. LYELL.

This eminent geologist, whose lectures in this city will be remembered by many of our readers has been lecturing in London before the British Association of Arts and Sciences. Our own country furnished the theme of more than one of his discourses, the learned lecturer undertaking to explain some of the singular facts connected with the geology of North America, and especially the area of the coal-fields of the United States, and the recession of the Falls of Niagara, with which his late travels have made him familiar. Large diagrams rendered his discourse popular and general.

ORANGES.

This fruit meets a hard fate in Florida. Previous to 1835, it was the staple of the territory, and some trees were known to be one hundred and fifty years old; but one night in the month of February of that year, a severe frost killed them all, since which the profitable tree has been lost. A few began to bud at St. Augustine, when a small insect, of the Coccus tribe, made its appearance, and bids fair to destroy every orange, lime and citron tree in the whole country.

"INDULGING GRIEF."

It will be recollected that Santa Ana retired from public affairs to "indulge in grief" for the loss of his wife recently deceased. He has made a Denmark job of it—

The funeral baked meats
Have coldly furnished forth the marriage table.

In our last news from Mexico, we find that Santa Ana on the 2d October espoused Senorita Dona Dolores Fosta y Gomez. This is mourning—with a witness.

THE ALPACA.

The fabric made of the wool of the Alpaca is now so generally worn that a short account of the Alpaca sheep may not be uninteresting. The Alpaca is a South American animal, much used as a beast of burden by the Indians, with long hair, principally black, but slightly grizzled. It is an excessively irritable animal, and indomitable till soothed. The importance of this animal has already been considered by the English, in their hat, woollen and stuff trade, and an essay on the subject has been published by Dr. Hamilton, of London. The wool is so remarkable, being a jet black, glossy, silk-like hair, that it is fitted for the production of textile fabrics differing from all others, occupying a medium position between the wool and the silk. It is now mingled with other materials in such a singular manner, that while a particular dye will affect those, it will leave the Alpaca wool with its original black color, thus giving rise to great diversity.

KNOWLEDGE.

At a literary soiree recently held in Manchester, England, D'Israeli made a speech from which we extract the following brilliant passage:

"It was knowledge that equalized the social condition of man, that gave to all of us, whatever might be our political position, possessions which were in common, and enjoyments which were universal. It was like the ladder in the patriach's mystic dream. Its base rested on the primeval earth. Its crest was lost in the shadowy splendor of the empyreum above, while the great authors, that during the traditionary ages, had presided over money and erudition, were like the angels, ascending and descending on the sacred scale, and maintaining a communication, as it were, between man and heaven. Knowledge was no longer the lonely Eremite that offered an occasional and captivating hospitality to a lone pilgrim. They found him in the market-place, a citizen, and the leader of citizens. The spirit had touched the multitude, it had impregnated the man.

VESSEL AND CREW LOST.

The schooner Arab, John H. Haven, master, was lost on the morning of the 4th of October, on Punta San Juan, between Trinidad and Cienfuegos, and every soul perished except the mate, who was carried ashore on the spars in a very bruised condition. He was picked up a day or two afterwards by a coaster and carried into Trinidad, where he was taken in charge by the Consul and placed in care of a physician. List of the crew—John H. Haven, master; Elliott Merton, mate; Harris, carpenter; Wm. Jothem, cook; Antonio and Josi, (Spaniards) Charles, (Swede) James White, (Greek) seamen. Died on board the Espeleta, 23d ult., Dr. Nathaniel Cheever, of Hallowell, Me., in the 29th year of his age. He was returning to the United States, after an unsuccessful attempt to regain his health.

MISERABLE HOAX.

In several of the papers of last week appeared a story that Mr. Dill A. Smith, of Pittsburg, had been robbed and almost killed, by Mr. Tappan, a son of Senator Tappan, of Ohio. The story stated that the news was contained in a post-script to a letter to Mr. Smith's wife. It now appears that after Mr. Smith had written his letter, some villain broke it open, wrote the postscript, which was an entire falsehood, sealed and despatched it. The motive assigned was to afflict Mrs. Smith, but Dr. Tappan is not content to be made a catspaw of in such a business, and has instituted a libel suit against the Pittsburg Spirit of the Age, in which the story first appeared. The inventor of the lie is the person who should suffer.

THE TEXAN PRESIDENT.

It has been the impression that Hon. Anson Jones, just elected President of Texas, is opposed to the annexation of that Republic to the United States. But Com. Moore, of the Texan Navy, now in the United States, tells a different story. He says most explicitly that the President elect of the Republic of Texas is in favor of annexation to our Union, and that all the citizens, American born, are in favor of annexation. Those of European birth are represented as being unfavorable to it. Com. Moore, before he left Texas, had a conversation with Mr. Anson Jones, the President elect, and from him the Commodore was informed of his opinion in favor of annexation.

MALT LIQUORS.

English physicians say that the person in the habit of drinking largely of malt liquor is more liable to locked jaw, than any other person. An English paper, some time since, stated that "medical men in the metropolis are familiar with the fact that confirmed beer-drinkers can scarcely scratch their fingers without risk of their lives. A copious London beer-drinker is all one vital part. He wears his heart upon his sleeve, bare to a death wound, even from a rusty nail or the claw of a cat. The worst patients brought into the metropolitan hospitals, are those apparently fine models of health and strength, the beer-drinkers."

EXECUTIVE PARDONS.

The President of the United States has issued full pardons to David McDaniel, Thomas Towson, J. R. D. Pretontaine, Nathaniel H. Monton, John A. McCormick and Wm. J. Harris, six persons lately confined in the jail of St. Louis county, under different sentences, for participating in the robbery and murder of Chavis, the Santa Fe trader. One man has been executed for this murder; and left behind him a solemn asseveration that he did not commit the murder. There is no question, however, that he participated indirectly, if not directly, as he professes to have seen the deed done.

WESTERN PROVISIONS.

We learn from the Cincinnati papers of last week, that the pork slaughter had already commenced in that city, and the weather being cool, all the "operators were getting ready. It is said that hogs will be abundant in the Cincinnati market the coming season, and of very superior quality. Some very fine beef has already been killed, and about 800 barrels and half barrels have been packed and shipped."

A SENTENCE.

We have mentioned the arrest of a man in Baltimore, charged with superintending and procuring the voting of fourteen men in three wards in Baltimore, at the Gubernatorial election. His name was David Miller. He has been convicted and sentenced to six months imprisonment, and a fine of one hundred dollars. This is a pretty severe reward for his patriotism.

IN THE FAMILY.

The inauguration of Governor of Ohio in December next, will present a novel feature. The robes of office will be transferred from son to sire—acting Gov. Bartley will give place to Gov. Bartley, elect.

UNITED STATES TREASURY.

The receipts into the U. S. Treasury for the quarter ending the 30th of September were \$11,225,500; and the expenditures, including interest on public debt and payment of loan, were \$7,233,844.

Local Intelligence.

A BOLD ROBBERY.—The runner of the Bank of the Northern Liberties, between 12 and 1 o'clock on Monday appeared at the Mayor's office, and stated that he had just been robbed in Sixth street near Market, of his book, containg his collections at the different banks, amounting to about \$8,000. He stated that at the place above named, several men with umbrellas raised, crowded around him, and one seized his throat, whilst the others took the money, and then ran off and disappeared before he had recovered sufficiently to raise an alarm. A reward of \$1,000 is offered for the thieves and money.

ROGUES IN TOWN.—There must be a large number of rogues in town. In addition to the daring robbery of a bank-messenger noticed in another paragraph, and frequent small larcenies, we notice that Mr. Charles Justice, Jr., had his pocket picked, on Saturday week, at the Union Drove Yard. He lost some \$450, besides notes and Checks. Payment of the latter has been stopped.

MURDER BY A MANIAC.

Mr. James Gaston, a keeper, or nurse in the invalid department of the Eastern Penitentiary, was instantly killed, last week, by an insane man, named John Billman, into whose cell he had gone, for the purpose of quieting him. It appears that Billman made an uproar in his cell. Mr. Gaston went to him, and when he opened the door, Billman made a dash to get out. Mr. Gaston pushed him back, and followed him in. The prisoner struck him to the earth, with a piece of board which he had wrenched from the casing, and killed the unfortunate man by pressing upon his throat. The alarm was given by other prisoners, but before assistance arrived, Billman had got on the keeper's clothes, and was out of the cell. He was secured by two of the keepers. An inquest was returned in accordance with the facts. Prisoner insists that he killed his own father by strangulation, and hung him to a bed post, and the Coroner returned a verdict of suicide. Mr. Gaston has left a wife and two children. He was about forty years of age.

NEW STORE.

Mr. Charles Adams, whose advertisement appears in the proper column, has very neatly and tastefully fitted up his new store, and filled it with a rich and various assortment of goods. We recommend our city readers to look in upon him.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday, a man named William Mann, about 45 years of age, was run over on the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, about one hundred yards from the depot. He was lying on the track at the time. His left leg was nearly severed from his body, and his right ankle was fractured. Several years since the same person had his left arm fractured, while working at Fairmount. He is dead.

RIOT.—There was a riot in front of the Weccacoe Engine House, on Friday night week, in which stones were thrown, and a pistol fired. The police promptly dispersed the rioters. The extent of the injury done, was the wounding a man in the lip with a shot. This constant appeal to fire-arms, is murderous business.

ANOTHER ARREST.—A man named Henry Haughey, was arrested and brought before the Court of Quarter Sessions on Monday, on an alleged charge of murder. The prisoner is one of those who were engaged in the Kensington riots. The Grand Jury found a true bill against him at the last term of this court.

ILLEGAL VOTERS.—Several persons, charged with illegal voting, were last week arrested in the districts. Where this crime is proved, it should be severely dealt with.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Royal Visits—Trade and Statistics—Deaths of Distinguished Persons—Legacies—Mr. Beckford—The Fashions—Guano—Prize Fight—London Missionary Society—Churches &c.—Chief Rabbi of England.

Bristol, England, Oct. 10, 1844.

The newspapers are literally filled with accounts of the reception of Louis Philippe, in England, and therefore it is, that I refrain from enlarging upon that apparently inexhaustible subject, in your letter. All parties, the French King, the English Queen, and the People, seem pleased with the interchanges of Royal courtesy, and I cannot help remarking that such visits augur favorably for the peace of Christendom. I must also add one bit of history on the subject, namely—that it is remarkable that Louis Philippe is the first French Sovereign who has visited England in peace. John, King of France, came here as a prisoner, captured by Edward, the Black Prince; and neither Louis XVIII., nor Charles X. were Kings, when in England—they were merely exiles, having been received in this island as a safe asylum from the political storms of their country. So Louis Philippe stands alone in his Royal visit.

I am happy to say that trade is brisk every where, and wonderful to relate, the people in the manufacturing districts are tolerably contented. The crops, too, have been most abundant, and it will not be necessary to import wheat or flour to any extent. The Revenue, as you will perceive, has shown a great increase during the past year; and according to the official tables, there has likewise been a vast increase in the real property of the Kingdom. For example, in the old Income Tax Assessment, in 1815, the real property of England alone, was valued at £49,660,728; whereas, for Sir Robert Peel's new Income Tax, it is valued at £80,519,084. In short, every thing goes on prosperously.

Mr. James Heyworth, an eminent merchant of Liverpool, died a few days since, and bequeathed £10,000 to his chief clerk, as a reward of faithful service. Lady Hayter died, a few days ago, at Brighton. Indeed, death has been busy of late—for Lady Heytesbury, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, recently died—and it is rumored that his Lordship means to give up the Vice-Regal Government, which, they say is to be wielded by Lord Ellenborough, on his return from India. The Marquis of Donegal, is also dead. Thomas Mathew, Esq., brother of Father Mathew, the distinguished Apostle of Temperance, is no more; and Nathan Dunn, Esq., of your city, the Proprietor of the Chinese Museum, is likewise gone to the land of spirits. He was universally respected in this country. Mr. Gordon, for many years British Consul at Havre, is dead; and Lieut. Col. Charles Davies, expired a few days since, at his seat in Gloucestershire, from a gunshot wound, which he received from the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece in his park. This gentleman was a distinguished officer, having been forty years in the East India Company's service. The moment he received the wound, he exclaimed: "I am a dead man. I earnestly pray to God for mercy on my soul, and for His mercy upon the souls of all my relations through Christ Jesus." He then expired. Admiral Sir J. P. Beresford, is gathered to his fathers. Tomkins, the great scene-painter of Drury Lane, has finished his last scene on earth; and Lady Hunter, and Lady Ellen Fane, both *distinguees* in the fashionable world, have left it forever. One hundred and three men and boys have been killed by an explosion in a coal-pit near Sunderland. Two gamekeepers on the estate of the Earl of Stradbroke, committed suicide last week, because they were discovered to have stolen and sold the game; and an old miser died last Monday, at Home, whose name was Murray. He was a miserable looking beggar, but large sums, in gold and silver, were found about his clothes, and in his wretched garret. The brig Panama, was run down a few days ago, off Liverpool by a steamer, and several persons drowned. But there—I could swell the pages of death, *ad infinitum*; yet will merely add that it is sometimes profitable to the living, for a poor workman of Altona, has just dropped into a fortune of *only* £1,500,000, by the death of a rich brother in the West Indies, and I see that the Duchess of Hamilton is some £80,000 richer by the death of Mr. Beckford, formerly of Fonthill. This talented and eccentric gentleman began life with £100,000 a year, and collected at Fonthill, the most valuable and rare selection of paintings, sculpture and articles of *vertu*, that ever, perhaps, belonged to any single individual. By the fall in Colonial property and other causes, he was not, at his death, worth more than £100,000. He had lived for several years at Bath, where the present and future ages will be reminded of him, by the presence of a tower, extremely elegant, erected by him at immense expense, on the highest point of a lofty hill called Lansdown—commanding an almost boundless prospect of the country, the Bristol channel, and the distant mountains of South Wales. In literature, his taste was as elegant as in the arts; and he is favorably known to the world as the author of Vathek. But these records and reminiscences impart gloom to my pen. Away with them for a gayer strain—for the fashions, those ever-charming and graceful decorations of lovely woman.

Letters from the *modistes* of Paris say, that Mantillas of black lace upon moire are much in vogue—also that trimming *à la vielle* is much in favor on late autumn dresses. One letter says: "Since the cold has so suddenly attacked us, a costume has been adopted by our *elegantes*, of the nature to resist the weather—robes of nankeen simply trimmed with gimp, or tissue of Lahore, a thick kind of stuff. These robes are made much in the style of riding-habits, as to length, and closed from top to bottom in front, by large buttons. Some are made of merinos, with a corsage very open, showing a little embroidered white waistcoat, sleeves tight to the elbow, with white under sleeves. Robes of *mousseline de laine*, of the *redingote* form, ornamented with an apron affixed to the skirt, with bands of *pouli de soie*. *Batistes of laine* are used for high dresses, with a very deep flounce and amadis sleeves. The newest dinner-dress is a robe of *taffetas glacé*, color—sky-blue and *cerise*, with very little ornament, and shawls of black lace. For evening dresses, the *corsages* are made *à la Grecque*, or with *pelerines* attached to the shoulders, leaving the neck bare, and trimmings forming the sleeve. Very deep flounces are worn in evening dress. Brilliant colors and warm tints are fashionable, and from all present appearances, they are likely to remain so." But enough of the fashions for to-day.

The most remarkable trade of either ancient or modern times, and one that has sprung so suddenly into existence, that it seems more like romance than reality—and yet it is most real, valuable and profitable—is the commerce in Guano, a new, or rather a very ancient manure from the West Coast of Africa. It is computed that about one thousand English ships, of heavy burthen, are annually employed in this traffic, and according to the latest accounts, there were, on the 26th of August, at least, one hundred and fifty vessels at the small Island of Ichaboe, fairly scrambling for guano. It sells at various prices—say from £5 to £10 per ton—and is certainly a manure of wonderful power. Gold mines are really trifles in point of sudden profit, as compared with the African Guano Islands; but there is certainly some reason to fear that some of these islands will be fairly carried off in ships—for surely the precious freights cannot be inexhaustible. As the vessels cannot all load at once, some of them are compelled to wait at an island for four or five weeks until their turn comes. It is calculated that within a very few years, the enriching of land with guano, will greatly increase the agricultural products of this country.

I regret to say that a prize fight took place a few days since at Kensington, between George Bensen and Henry Jones, in which the former was killed. After fighting many rounds, he received a blow under the left ear, which knocked him down, and he exclaimed—"I am done for!" and immediately expired. His antagonist and the seconds, on both sides, are committed to be tried at the next Sessions for Wilful Murder!

As a bright page, in contrast with the above barbarism, I notice, with pleasure, the proceedings of the last meeting of the London Missionary Society. It appeared that since the formation of that noble Institution, £1,500,000 had been expended in spreading Christianity. A subscription was commenced at the meeting, which lasted two or three days, and the contributions soon amounted to £4,000; and they are expected to reach £10,000! The Society has 85 Stations and 700 Missionaries. The Chair was filled by Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Baronet—a number of the most distinguished Clergymen in England attended—and the concourse of persons assembled, was seldom less than four thousand in number. The Meeting was held in Exeter Hall, and the singing of Bishop Heber's sublime Missionary Hymn:—

"From Greenland's icy mountains," &c.,

by so many voices, is described as productive of a grand, thrilling, and inspiring effect. It will, I am sure, be agreeable to your religious readers to learn, that societies of this kind never prospered so abundantly in England as at the present time. As kindred with this subject, I will remark, that at the late election of the Vice Chancellor in Oxford, the majority against the "Puseyite" candidate, was 882 to 183. A very large and superb Roman Catholic cathedral has been consecrated and opened at Nottingham, the celebrated Dr. Wiseman having officiated as principal in the ceremony. The Earl of Shrewsbury contributed £10,000 to this building; and eight of the principal windows bear the following inscription:—"Good Christian people, of your charity pray for the good estate of John, Earl of Shrewsbury, the chief benefactor to the building of this church, dedicated in honor of St. Barnabas." The "People's College," in Sheffield, is progressing. Several of the students, who are workingmen, translate Latin, Greek, and modern languages—besides acquiring a thorough knowledge of mathematics. There are about 200 students who attend it. A monumental marble pillar has been erected in Pere la Chaise, to the memory of the gallant Sir Sidney Smith. Mormonism has its votaries on this side the Atlantic. There are 18 Mormon churches in Scotland, and their congregations are in mourning for the murder of the prophet, Joseph Smith. By the way, there is quite a religious excitement here among the Jews, in relation to the election of the new Chief Rabbi of England, in the room of the late Dr. Herschell. The chief candidates are Dr. Nathan M. Alder, Chief Rabbi of Hanover; Dr. Benjamin Auerbach, Chief Rabbi of Darmstadt; Dr. Hirschfield, Chief Rabbi of Wollstein; and Dr. Sampson Hilsch, Chief Rabbi of East Friesland.

Army & Navy.

☞ The following are the names of the officers attached to the U. S. cutter Vigilant, supposed to have all perished in the late gale, off the harbor of Key West:—Wm. B. G. Taylor, Commander; Wm. G. Taylor, First Lieutenant; Mr. Cooper, of Hingham, Mass., Second Lieutenant. There were also attached to her, six seamen, and the cook and cabin-boy, slaves, belonging to Capt. Taylor. Mr. Robert Cooper, one of the Louisiana pilots, and two of the negroes who deserted with the pilot boat from the Balize, were on board. J. C. Johnson, pilot, belonging to the Vigilant, and Mr. Robert Armistead, of New Orleans, (passenger) were providentially ashore, and saved. The only persons known to be saved from the wreck, were Michael Driscoll and Henry Hoyt, seamen, picked up at sea in a canoe belonging to the cutter which they fortunately fell in with while in the water.

☞ Very large buildings are erecting at Washington to prepare night signals, colored fire, fulminating powder, percussion caps for small arms, percussion primers for cannon, grinding compositions, charging rockets, portfires, cartridges, small arms, chemical apparatus, &c., &c., all under the charge of an intelligent professor of pyrotechnics.

☞ Letters have been received in New York, from the U. S. ship Macedonian, Com. Perry, of the date of 21 September, then all well, at Palmas, Island of Grand Canary. The ship was bound to Cape de Verds, to meet the U. S. brig Truxton.

☞ The Naval depot at Memphis, on the Mississippi, in south western Tennessee, is soon to be commenced. The site is said to possess great natural advantages, situated as it is in the heart of an extensive and fertile cotton region.

☞ Midshipman George W. Harrison, died on board the Brandywine in Macao Roads, of congestive fever, after an illness of fourteen days.

☞ The Naval Court Martial which has been in session in Washington for the last six weeks, adjourned *sine die* on Saturday evening last.

☞ A company of U. S. Foot Artillery left Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, on Monday, on their way to Carlisle barracks.

Fires.

☞ The Rockville (Md.) Star states that the house of S. B. Case was entirely destroyed by fire last week—there was nothing saved but a table and a few chairs. It appears that the night previous, two persons, one supposed to be a white man, went for the purpose of pursuing hogs; on hearing a noise, Mr. C. got up and shot at them; they went off muttering threats and imprecations against him. On the night following, they put them into execution, by burning his house, and the family barely escaping with their lives. Suspicion rests on several, but none have been arrested yet.

☞ A fire broke out, on the 27th ult., in Cincinnati, in the liquor store of Mr. Fletcher, Front street, between Main and Walnut, which was entirely destroyed. Mr. Merrill's Bakery was burnt down; also, the Burr Mill-stone Manufactory. One of the Messrs. Merrill had an arm broken, and the other was seriously injured by the falling of a wall.

☞ A letter from Constantinople, of the 25th ultimo, mentions that a fire had broken out near the bazaar, in that city, which destroyed upwards of one hundred houses and five hundred shops.

☞ The steam mill, at Oberlin, owned by Messrs. Beebee & Horton, was destroyed by fire on the 9th ult. Loss on building and machinery estimated at \$2,000; grain, flour, &c., about \$400.

☞ The Cotton Gin of Messrs. Spriggs & Graham, on the "Tyrone Plantation," Louisiana, was recently consumed by fire, together with forty bales of cotton.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the Hibernia Steamship at Boston, we have foreign dates to Oct. 19th, one week later than our last previous advices. In the English commercial circles money was plenty, and the spirit of speculation buoyant, railway shares being the favorite investment. In the cotton market the demand has been fair, but as the quantity offered is more than equal to the inquiry, the tendency of the market is rather unfavorable to the sellers. The committee of brokers quote fair Upland and Mobile at 4½, and fair Orleans at 4¾. These prices are within an eighth of a penny of the lowest price of last year for the same quality. The sales of the week were 34,610 bags, including 1,400 for speculation, and 1,300 for export.

For American stocks and securities there had been no demand, and absolutely no sale.

Of provisions it is said: There are no new Bacon or Hams. A few kegs new Lard have arrived, which have been taken at an advanced price. The demand for Beef and Pork for ship stores continues as before noticed, for immediate supplies only; the latter article continues very scarce, and an advanced price obtained.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Louis Philippe had returned to France, having passed a very pleasant visit in England, honored by the dignitaries, and cheered and hospitably treated by the people. He was made a Knight of the Order of the Garter, and waited upon with complimentary addresses by the corporations of London and Windsor, the Lord Mayor of London coming down to Windsor, with the Corporation. The King did not visit London, although he assured the Mayor that if his time permitted, etiquette should not prevent him. In his answers to the addresses, Louis said:

"The union of France and England is of great importance to both nations; not from any wish of aggrandizement, however. Our view should be peace, while we have every other country in the possession of those blessings which it has pleased Divine Providence to bestow on them. * * * France has nothing to ask of England, and England has no thing to ask of France, but cordial union.

"I am convinced, as you are, that peace and friendly relations between France and England are, for two nations made to esteem and honor each other, a source of innumerable and equal advantage. The preservation of that good understanding is, at the same time, a pledge of peace to the world at large, and secures the tranquil and regular progress of civilization for the benefit of all nations. I consider my co-operation in this holy work, under the protection of Divine Providence, as the mission and the honor of my reign. Such has been the aim and the object of all my efforts, and I trust that the Almighty will crown them with success."

A violent storm had swept over the Irish Channel, causing several shipwrecks and some loss of life. The island near Clontarf was overflowed; and a man and boy swept away. The storm was also felt on the Coast of Scotland, at Argyleshire.

At the weekly repeal meeting on the 14th of October, a letter from Mr. O'Connell was read, which occupies nearly four columns in the Irish newspapers. He labors in it to show that the Catholics of Ireland desire no ascendancy or supremacy, but equality alone; and that the Irish Protestants ought not to be jealous, but rather come in to the measure of simple repeal, on a federal union for which Mr. O'Connell avows that he himself at present feels a preference. His letter concludes: "Let us be active, energetic, conciliatory. Let us, if possible, combine all classes, but let us not forget that we have already more than moral force enough to render a long resistance to a peaceable and legal repeal of the Union impossible. It is a mere question of time. The repeal itself is certain. Hurrah then for repeal." The rent received was £406 17s. 4d.

E. Willmer, on leaving Boston for England, in September, took a box of peaches from that city, which, on his arrival at Liverpool, were found to be in excellent condition, and were greatly admired by the friends to whom he presented them, as the product of the United States. Some grapes, also, from the beautiful grounds of Mr. Warren, were presented to Mr. Willmer. These were also in good condition, and greatly admired.

The damaged tobacco at the Custom-house, on which the owners do not think it worth while to pay the import duty, is consumed in a tall chimney called the "Queen's tobacco pipe."

The gross receipts of two thousand miles of English railway for 1842, were £7,002,001: the working £2,222,924.

Lord Ellenborough, the late Governor-General of India, has arrived in England. He has been raised a step in the peerage, by the title of "Earl of Ellenborough and Viscount Southam."

The Hereford Times says, that in the window of Mr. John Davis, gardener, at Ledbury, there is exhibited a gourd of the American kind, weighing 82 lbs., and measuring 5 feet 8 inches in circumference.

The amount of subscription to the Rowland Hill testimonial is £9,000, but several returns have not yet been made.

There are forty projected lines of Railway, extending over a distance of 2,173 miles, and involving an estimated expenditure of \$39,695,000.

The John O'Groats' Journal, states that another capture of whales, amounting to 360, recently took place at Sandwick.

Sir James Graham, in answer to a memorial, says that he cannot advise the Queen to pardon Frost, Jones, and Williams, the Chartist leaders.

CONTINENTAL.

The King of France was met on his return by his Queen. The old couple seem to have been as much troubled by their temporary separation, as a new married pair.

A new commercial Treaty between Belgium and the Zollverein, was on the point of ratification.

In consequence of the representations of the Turkish Government, M. Guizot has sent a circular containing instructions to the French consular agents in various parts of the Ottoman Empire, wherein he recommends them to abstain from unnecessary interference in the internal affairs of the country.

The Scientific Committee, appointed by the French Government to report on the practicability of a canal across the Isthmus of Darien have reported satisfactorily.

The news from the French possessions in Africa was peaceful. There was nothing heard of Abd el Kader.

Plans for fortifying Rouen are said to be before the War Office. Treport has been much strengthened; and similar measures are in contemplation relative to all the French ports.

The Queen of Spain, on the 10th of October, opened the Cortez in person. It appears to be generally believed that the present Spanish Ministry cannot stand. A new constitution is talked of—as usual.

The Archipelago is infested with pirates to such a degree, that even King Otho's cutter yacht has been plundered, and every soul on board butchered.

The Silesian Gazette states from Poland, Oct. 1, that about twenty students had recently been arrested at Warsaw, on charge of being members of a secret society. The younger of them, who were only from thirteen to fourteen years old, were it is said sent into the interior of Russia.

The slave trade to the Brazils has greatly diminished since 1839. In that year, 30,290 slaves were smuggled; in 1840, 14,910; in 1841, 8,370; and in 1842, 8,891.

It is stated that in the Church of Rome, throughout the world, there are now 147 archbishops, 584 bishops, 71 vicars apostolical, 9 prefects, and 200,000,000 members.

The polka owes its origin to a peasant girl of Bohemia, who, dancing for her own amusement, on a Sunday afternoon, was seen by Nerbuda, an organist, who, being struck by her motions, adapted an air to them, which was afterwards introduced at Prague, and has since travelled through the world.

Mr. Clemson, the newly appointed American Charge d'Affaires in Belgum, has arrived in Brussels.

Personal News.

☞ James M. Hartshorne, Esq., elected a member of the next Legislature at the recent election, died at his residence in Freehold, Monmouth county, N. J., on Monday evening, of the previous fever of the neighborhood. Mr. H. was a promising young member of the bar, not over 37 years of age.

☞ Many members of Congress are now on their way to Washington. Some have already arrived. We have heard of the arrival of the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, the Hon. John Wentworth, of Illinois, the Hon. George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia.

☞ A new post office, of which Abijah Paynter, Esq., has been appointed postmaster, has been established at the village in Carroll County, Illinois, named Tysonville, in honor of the Assistant Postmaster General.

☞ The Rev. Rufus W. Griswold has been appointed Professor of Oratory and Belles Lettres in Shurtliff College, Illinois.

☞ Commodore Moore, of the Texas Navy, is in New York.

Notes of the Weather, &c.

GREAT SNOW STORM.

A letter from Buffalo dated Monday week says: "We have a tremendous northeaster this morning, and it has been snowing all night. The water is very low at this end of the Lake, and we fear we shall hear of disaster towards the upper end. You will get but little more flour from here this year. The boats are still detained here by the breach at Black Rock. And after it is repaired there will not be time for them to go down and return for another load. On the same day, we see, there was a heavy snow storm at Rochester, and in the northern counties of New York. Many disasters took place on the Lake. The little steamer Emerald, from Buffalo for Chippewa, lost her course, and ran so hard on Bird Island, that she could not work herself off by steam. A boat was lowered, and a kedge anchor carried out for the purpose of hauling her off. When the small boat was last seen by people on shore, it was capsized, drifting down the river, with two men hanging on it up to their necks in the water.

STORM AT ST. LUCIA.—A letter in the United States Gazette, dated at St. Lucia, Sept. 30th, gives an account of a frightful thunder storm which passed over that place the day previous. The whole month had been dry and hot. Not the slightest indication of any change in the weather was to be observed until about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th. Then the sluice gates of the heavens seemed opened indeed; the river of Castries, swollen by the tributes of the adjacent hills, soon overflowed its banks, and dispersed itself with impetuosity through every street, the waters forcing themselves into the ground-floor of each house along their course, so that between eight and nine o'clock the greater portion of the surface of this town was literally covered with water. In the burial ground, situate on a hill side, several graves were upturned by the violence of the draining water, and coffins of the dead exposed to view; besides these, several houses have been washed away.

EFFECTS OF A GALE.—The British schooner Therese Jane, arrived at New York on Sunday, in nine days from Eluethera. The day previous to sailing, Mr. Petts arrived from Nassau, stating that the Captain of the Royal Mail Steamer informed him that on his passage from Havana to Nassau he passed ten vessels, bottom upward, supposed to have suffered in the hurricane of September 5th and 6th. He also states that the Island of Cuba had sustained, at the same date, damage to the amount of nine or ten millions of dollars.

☞ There was a smart little snow storm at Reading on Wednesday week. The Gazette says,—"If, as the oldest inhabitants invariably insist upon, there are to be as many snows as the day of the month numbers upon which the first one happens, we shall be favored with no less than *thirty* during the coming winter. So brush up your sleighs, folks, and prepare for the fun.

☞ In Franklin, Venango county, Pa., there was snow to the depth of two or three inches, on Sunday morning, Sep. 29. The Venango Democrat, says that it was still deeper in some places, and that many trees were broken down and others injured. Crops of buckwheat were prostrated.

☞ On the 10th ult., in the neighborhood of Minerva, Columbia county, Ohio, a woman, while in the act of carrying corn into a spring house loft, was struck by lightning, and instantly killed.

☞ The Hamburg (S. C.) Journal of the 23d ult., says that several peach and cherry trees in that city are in bloom, and that the latter have the second growth of fruit on them.

Religious Intelligence.

NESTORIAN MISSION.—Our advices from Constantinople, of the 27th of September, announce the expulsion of the Missionaries from the Nestorian country, by the Patriarch. The missionary houses were torn down, and the property destroyed—Mar Shimoun threatening to excommunicate any of his people who should hold intercourse with the Missionaries. The Nestorians now occupy their ancient position, and refuse to receive Missionaries from any Christian sect. They believe this to be the only safe position for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

☞ The Governor of Michigan, has appointed Thursday, the 28th instant, as a day of public Thanksgiving and Prayer, throughout that State.

Notices of the Dead.

JOHN OVERS.—Our readers will remember that we, some time since, noticed a volume entitled "The Evening of a Working Man," by John Overs, to which Dickens wrote a preface. The author is since dead, and has left a wife and family in poverty.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, O. H. Comstead, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings*.
JOHN NIMMO Canada, East and West.
HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

THE FIRST THREE BOOKS OF HOMER'S ILLIAD, *according to the ordinary Text, and also with the restoration of the Digamma. To which are added Notes, &c., by Charles Anthon, L. L. D., Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin languages, in Columbia College, N. Y., and Rector of the Grammar School. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.* The student who avails himself of all that Dr. Anthon has here done for him in the First Three Books of the Illiad may walk over the rest with as much ease as he can read the accounts of accidents in a newspaper, and with a far clearer understanding than he can make out election returns. The volume is arranged with the clearness and system which distinguish all the works by the same hand; and with a copiousness of assistance to the learner, which while it requires attention and industry on his part, gives glorious returns for that application. We have in the volume, copious Notes, a Metrical Index, a Homeric glossary, and finally, to make the volume available, in reading the other books, an index to the glossary. And the glossary possesses one feature which distinguishes it, in a marked degree from every Homeric Lexicon which has preceded it in the English language—the introduction of Sanscrit and Linguistic etymologies. In accuracy of mechanical execution the book seems to be admirable; and the getting up of the work, uniform with Dr. Anthon's others is neat and of a serviceable description. Verily the young people of this generation owe a large debt to him who has found the golden mean, between such assistance as enervates the mind, and notes so sparse as to weary it with fruitless labor. Copious as are the notes and other illustrations of these books they are all useful—not tending to a mere mechanical facility in acquiring the precise point in hand, but giving the reader hints of a general knowledge, not merely of language but of antiquity, while reading a single work. The Dr's Homer is gracefully dedicated to Hon. James Harper, the senior of the publishing firm, and the present Mayor of New York.

THE DIADEM FOR MDCCCXLV. *A Present for all Seasons. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* In an artistical view this is one of the most magnificent works published. Its form is a large quarto, giving the engravings a size and a margin which confers advantages not usually possessed by works of this kind. The engravings eleven in number, are mezzotints by Sartain, executed in the most exquisite finish of the art, after pictures by Sully, Leutze, Huntington, Landseer, and others. The frontispiece is a portrait (we suppose) after Sully, the title page a Child and Butterfly, (exquisite) after Leutze. Then follow Children and Rabbits, after Landseer, the rabbits capital, like all Landseer's animals; Ruth, gleaning, after Stothard, which has some magnificent points—the figure and expression of the gleaner, admirable; the Lassie herding Sheep, after Landseer; Little Red Riding Hood, Landseer; The Posting Boy, Landseer; The Stonebreaker's Daughter, Landseer; Hope and Memory, Leutze; Hagar in the Wilderness, Eastlake; and Christina and Mercy, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, by Huntington. The two latter pictures will be recollected as among the admired features of the artists' last Exhibition. The letter press of the work is principally made up of translations from the German of Zschokke, Richter and Rucker, and some sweet verses by Anne C. Lynch. The Walpurgis Night and The Prince's Look, by Zschokke would redeem the book, if there were nothing else worth reading in it; and the whole matter of this truly splendid volume is worthy of its publishers. Altogether it is a magnificent affair, and must not be overlooked by those who are looking out for the winter furnishing of their centre tables.

RICHARD III., AS DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND KING OF ENGLAND. *By Caroline A. Halsted, author of the Life of Margaret Beaufort. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* A thick, closely printed and valuable volume, and one which no student of English History may pass over. The last of his race, we have had no accounts of Richard, except such as were distorted to court the favor of his enemies, or based on implicit belief in the original exaggerated representations, and colored by popular rumor; injustice which the greatest of England's poets has made immortal, and even rude ballad and nursery tales have perpetuated,—for the Children in the Wood is but the story of Richard and his nephews. It is within a few years only that the prominent representations respecting Richard's deformity and gratuitous cruelty have been disputed. Contemporary historians he had none, and most of the scattered and incidental records of his reign were destroyed, suppressed or overlooked. Our author has undertaken the defence of his memory, not as a reasoner, but as a collector of facts, and an exhibitor of absurdities and anachronisms. Most diligently and faithfully has she performed this duty; and the array of authorities which she cites, shows an extensive research, which makes her citations of witnesses unanswerable. We repeat that no impartial reader of history can pass over this work, at once one of the most valuable and interesting which has ever been published; valuable for its contribution to the history of a misunderstood period; interesting from the familiarity which all readers have with the poet's Richard, here stripped of his stage paint and padding, and made a very decent personage.

THE SETTLERS IN CANADA. *Written for Young People. By Captain Marryatt. Two vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.* The gallant captain, in Masterman Ready, has shown an ability to write for children which will give this book a good introduction; for that is deservedly a great favorite with the little folks. The time of the story commences in 1794; and the course of the story introduces many new scenes. The experience of the writer in detailing the shifts and expedients of the Seagraves, on their desert island, afforded him no inconsiderable assistance, no doubt, in writing this; and the "Settlers," has all that homely and absorbing interest which one usually feels in reading appreciable incidents of common life. Frontier adventures are described, perhaps not with that fidelity which we might look for in Natty Bumpo, but with a facility and dramatic power which will highly please young readers—and old ones too. The two volumes are neatly printed, uniform with the other "Tales for the People." The main story is an interesting one and is ended in a satisfactory and pleasant manner. On the whole this is one of the most agreeable books we have met for a long time.

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. HENRY MARTYN, B. D. *New York: Robert Carter. Philadelphia: W. S. Martien.* Of this work some ten or twelve editions have appeared in England, and a translation in France; and perhaps eight or nine editions in this country, besides also, an abridgement for the use of Sunday Schools. This, the Fourth American, from the Tenth London edition, has an introductory essay and many interesting and useful notes by the American editor. Mr. Martyn was Chaplain to the East India Company, and among the evidences of his labor are: Part of the Liturgy of the Church of England and the whole of the New Testament, translated into Hindostanee, and the Psalms and New Testament into Persian. His personal labors and efforts among the Mussulmans and Persians are traceable, in their influences down to this day, although he closed a laborious life at Tocat, over thirty years ago.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, Zieber & Co., and Perkins & Purves.* Part XXth and last of this work has made its appearance. The work makes two volumes of over eleven hundred pages each. It has several maps, the last part including a map of the United States. Its information about the places which it describes is brought down to the latest date; and the well known acquirements of McCulloch as a statist and commercial writer, give this Gazetteer an advantage in details which none that have preceded it possess. The articles relative to this country have been extended, and many new ones written by Daniel Haskel, A. M., whose Gazetteer of the United States is well known and much approved. The work will be universally preferred to all others of the kind.

THE COLUMBIAN. *N. York: Israel Post. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* The embellishments of the November number are two American subjects, Captain Smith and Pocahontas and Washington rafting himself across the Allegheny. The letter press is made up of clever and pleasant articles, and the number is a readable one, altogether. This magazine has established a reputation, and won a standing which places it among the stabilities in our periodical literature, and will enter upon its new volume with liberal improvements.

THE WANDERING JEW. No. 5 of the *Harpers'* edition of this exciting romance has been received by *Zieber & Co., E. Ferrett & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* It has many readers, of which, so far, we are not one; and our opinion of the interest of the work is founded on the expressions of others concerning it.

ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC AND LITERARY CRITICISM.—*By J. R. Boyd, A. M. New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.*—This is a work by a teacher—the Principal of a Literary Institute, at Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y. It has high recommendations, from the Superintendents of Schools in the State of New York, and other gentlemen capable of judging; and an examination of the plan and execution of the work supports their good opinion. It is progressive, eminently practical, and so arranged as to interest the learner. We commend the work to the examination of our teachers, satisfied that they will find it one excellently fitted for its purpose.

THE KNICKERBOCKER. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* The November number of this work has an agreeable variety of matter, and, as usual, a pleasantly written and collected quantity of gossip. Under this head the editor collects all sorts of current fun, and delectable scraps from his reading and from his common place book. There are occasionally things in this department which were better left out, but as a whole, it is very amusing. This Magazine is always well printed, and has a stable, handsome appearance; a Knickerbocker dignity, which makes its humor gravely laughable.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* Part XVI. concludes the article upon Nyctalopia, and contains papers upon Obesity, Œdema, Opthalmia, Obalgia, Diseases of the Ovaria, Palpitation, Pancreas, Paralysis, Parotitis, Parturients, Pellagra, Pemphigus, Perforation of the Viscera, Pericarditis, and Peritonitis. The authors are those of whom we have spoken in noticing previous numbers.

NEW MEDICAL WORK. We have received from the Messrs. Harpers', through *Zieber & Co.*, Cruvilhiers Anatomy, the first American, from the last Paris edition, edited by G. S. Patterson, M. D. Notice of this valuable book, as well as of some others, we are compelled to defer.

HEWETT'S SHAKSPEARE. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, and Zieber & Co.* This elegant work has now passed its thirtieth number, and its publication is continued in the same very beautiful style in which it was commenced.

DOUAY BIBLE. *Cunningham* has sent us No. 6 of his illustrated Douay Bible. It is published weekly, and will soon be completed.

MILLERISM.

We hear little about Millerism now, in this city; except that some of the believers still maintain their ground, and insist that the delay in the consummation of all things is but a postponement to try their faith. In New York, however, the leaders have made a recantation. We learn from the Commercial, that on the evening of Tuesday week, in the Millerite Church, corner of Chrystie and Delancey streets, Mr. Storrs publicly recanted his egregious folly and madness in the matter of the second advent. He said, what indeed others beside his congregation had already found out, that he was deceived as to the day of the second advent. He said he had been led away by excitement and deceived by *mesmerism!* and now most penitently acknowledged his manifold sins and wickedness. He now exhorts them to stick to work, &c.

Himes next took the stand in the confessional, and forgetting we presume that he had been both the deceived and the deceiver, rated the people pretty harshly for their infatuation, and urged them all to go home and to work, and stepped down from the rostrum. Storrs has also acknowledged his error in the Midnight Cry, but we do not remember seeing any thing there about *mesmerism!*

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Chronicle gives the following account of the last night, in that city:

"As the consummation of all terrestrial things was expected to have taken place last evening, and being desirous of seeing the effect of such belief upon its votaries at their last earthly meeting, I took the liberty, without putting on any *material* ascension robe, as did a vast multitude of others, of being present. The assemblage, indoors and out, probably numbered fifteen hundred persons. If rightly informed about the capacity of the house, about twelve hundred were inside. I observed no ascension robes on, and conclude that the rumor of a wagon load having been taken there yesterday, was only a slander. There was less excitement than I expected, and a great deal more cheerfulness manifest in the countenances of the believers than could have been supposed at the hour of so serious a crisis; why, I cannot, of course, undertake to say; perhaps it was owing to the firmness of their faith, but I could not help but think and feel (the states of those around us are often perceptible from their sphere, a sort of spiritual atmosphere, so to speak, that surrounds them,) that they were experiencing an inward joy from the hope and expectation that they were to be permitted to stay with us sinners a little longer.

"Considering the crowd, the meeting was very orderly. Two or three attempts were made by a set of rowdies out door to raise a breeze by noise and clamor, but the assertion of the preacher, that a strong police was present, calmed the multitude, and he was enabled to proceed with what he at the close said was, in his opinion, his last warning to a sinful world. He finished by shaking his coat tails in token of clearing his skirts of the blood of those he had thus warned to prepare for the great event, by him, hourly expected. Before nine o'clock the benediction was pronounced, and the people advised to go quietly home, and await the awful coming, which not unlikely might transpire at the hour of midnight, while most of us were wrapped in sleep. Notwithstanding all this, daylight, yea, a most splendid day of sunshine, is again upon us, and with it, we hope the deluded (but many of them, no doubt, honest,) followers of this 'end of the world' vagary, who yesterday closed their stores and otherwise forever, as they supposed, suspended all worldly cares, will resume their wonted round of duties, impressed with the promise that 'blessed are they who shall be found so doing.'"

MISS PORTER.

On our last page to-day is a notice of Miss Jane Porter, from the pen of N. P. Willis. The booksellers and others of New York started a plan sometime since to send her a gold inkstand; but changed their plan, and made the gift a rocking chair. The New Mirror states that the chair is a very tasteful article constructed on the Elizabethan model—(a chair for the Virgin Queen of English Romance made in the style of the Virgin Queen of English History)—the carving in rosewood relief and the lining of crimson velvet. The exact model of the chair was sent to Queen Victoria not long since, as a specimen of American furniture, by a club of English gentlemen. The *cadeau* goes out consigned by the Mayor of New York to the Lord Mayor of London for his worshipful presentation. Mr. Griswold, the packet owner, gives it an honorary passage. It is but right to mention that the present Mayor of New York, headed the subscription list for this true "Yankee comfort," with $40. The annexed letter accompanies the gift:

New York, October 28, 1844.

Dear Madam: The undersigned, Booksellers, Publishers, and Authors, of the City of New York have long felt desirous of transmitting to you a memorial of the high and respectful admiration which they entertain for one to whose pen we are indebted for some of the purest and most imaginative productions in the wide range of English literature. As the Authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," the "Scottish Chiefs," &c., your name has spread over the length and breadth of our land, and the volumes of your delightful works may be found gracing alike the abodes of the wealthy, and the humble dwellings of the poor. And deservedly so—for if purity of sentiment, felicity of expression, and the constant inculcation of the noblest lessons of religion and morality, be any passport to literary fame, then will the name of Miss Porter rank high on the list of those whom the present age delights to honor, and for whom coming ages will entertain a deep feeling of reverential esteem.

Regarding you, therefore, as that one among the writers of our time who first opened up the path that has been since farther embellished by the kindred genius of a Scott, we take the liberty, as well on our own behalf as in the name of thousands of American readers to whom your charming productions have taught, in so graceful and captivating a manner, the lessons of true virtue, of presenting you with the accompanying testimonial of our sincere and grateful esteem.

We have the honor to remain, dear madam,
Your obedient servants,
JAMES HARPER, Mayor of New York,
W. H. APPLETON, DANIEL APPLETON,
CHAS. S. FRANCIS, S. B. COLLINS,
HARPER & BROTHERS.

ACQUITTED.

The trial of Henry Hummer, for the murder of Castner, came on at Belvidere, N. J., on Tuesday. On the conclusion of the testimony in behalf of the Commonwealth, the counsel for the defendant submitted to the Court whether he should be required to go into a defence. The prosecuting attorney said he could not conscientiously ask for a conviction on the testimony, and, on the recommendation of the court, he was acquitted and discharged.

Elections.

VOTES CAST.

The following States have voted for Presidential Electors—Pennsylvania and Ohio on Friday week, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucy, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, and Arkansas and Rhode Island, on Monday last; New York, on Tuesday, and New Jersey on Tuesday and Wednesday. There are still to vote; Massachusetts, Vermont, North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, and Tennessee and Alabama and Delaware.

An immense and natural interest is taken in the results, as they are announced; and we have taken great pains to publish authentic reports, as far as received. There is every appearance, while we write this, of a very closely contested election.

NEW YORK.

The following returns are from the Journal of Commerce, and leave twenty-two counties yet to be heard from.

Counties.	1844. Clay.	Polk.
Albany,	2?8	—
Cayuga,	—	289
Columbia,	—	450
Dutchess,	130	—
Fulton	125	—
Greene,	—	530
Herkimer,	—	1590
Jefferson,	—	787
Kings County	447	—
Lewis,	—	400
Montgomery,	—	427
Madison,	—	216
Monroe,	1200	—
New York,	—	1750
Oneida,	—	769
Orange,	—	692
Onondaga,	—	417
Ontario,	1050	—
Oswego,	—	600
Otsego,	—	1442
Putnam,	—	748
Queens,	—	241
Rensselaer,	800	—
Richmond,	—	14
Rockland,	—	944
Saratoga,	400	—
Schenectady,	125	—
Suffolk,	—	1020
Seneca,	—	133
Steuben,	—	1000
Sullivan,	—	198
Ulster,	28	—
Washington,	1675	—
Wayne,	—	350
Westchester,	—	165

PENNSYLVANIA PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Counties.	1844. PRESIDENT. Polk.	Clay.	1840. PRESIDENT. Har.	V. B.
Adams,		717	2453	1628
Allegheny,		2348	7029	4573
Armstrong,	570		1260	1744
Beaver,		790	3143	1710
Bedford,		125	2910	2446
Berks,	4678		3262	7425
Bradford,	330		2631	2814
Bucks,	390		4706	4498
Butler,		200	2190	1844
Cambria,	160		811	920
Carbon,	405			
Centre,	828		1447	2242
Chester,		479	5643	4882
Clarion,	1070		648	1796
Clearfield,	—	—	499	842
Clinton,		90	637	649
Columbia,	1629		1325	2829
Crawford,	710		2469	2908
Cumberland,	92		2790	2096
Dauphin,		878	3124	2187
Delaware,		624	2031	1335
Elk,	—	—	—	—
Erie,	—	—	3636	2061
Fayette,	646		2755	3035
Franklin,		612	3566	2892
Greene,	970		1350	2010
Huntingdon,		1540	3835	2206
Indiana,		740	1953	1249
Jefferson,	—	—	476	592
Juniata,	171		996	1043
Lancaster,		4351	9678	5472
Lebanon,		857	2370	1402
Lehigh,	264		2465	2451
Luzerne,	1283		2776	4119
Lycoming,	700		1504	2181
McKean,	—	—	262	275
Mercer,	20		3249	2336
Mifflin,	15		1226	1269
Monroe,	1394		345	1447
Montgomery,	1063		4066	4869
Northampton,	1089		2846	3838
Northumberland,	945		1351	2187
Perry,	990		1072	1970
Philadelphia City,		3946	7055	4774
Philadelphia Co.		480	10189	13303
Pike,	609		135	534
Potter,	—	—	190	363
Schuylkill,	847		1881	2184
Somerset,		1615	2501	765
Susquehannah,	803		1500	2023
Tioga,	1076		895	1721
Union,		1056	2423	1518
Venango,	454		855	1275
Washington,	143		4149	3611
Warren,	—	—	827	959
Wayne,	914		675	1198
Westmoreland,	2382		2778	4704
Wyoming,	49			
York,	847		3792	4382
Total,			144018	143675
			143675	
			343	

The counties yet unheard from will increase the Democratic majority, and Mr. Polk has the vote of this State by an increase of some two thousand probably over the vote for Governor.

OHIO.

There are seventy-nine counties in Ohio, and the State, in 1840, give a majority of 23,375 for Harrison. The Whig majority in the State, at the last election, was 1,277. So far as heard from there is a large gain for Clay over the Whig State Ticket. The election took place on Friday of last week—the same day that it did in this State.

	Clay.	Polk.
Clarke,	1479	—
Madison,	668	—
Pickaway,	226	—
Guernsey,	210	—
Belmont,	294	—
Jefferson,	23	—
Harrison,	284	—
Franklin,	498	—
Montgomery,	165	—
Ross,	816	—
Fairfield,	—	1115
Washington,	502	—
Gales,	681	—
Perry,	—	680
Scioto,	504	—
Muskingum,	1309	—
Licking,	—	351
Ashtabula,	2261	—
Lake,	916	—
Cuyahoga,	955	—
Erie, rep.	134	—
Lorain,	160	—
Geauga,	1107	—
Portage,	109	—
Meigs,	134	—
Columbiana,	—	330
Coshocton,	—	357
Delaware,	564	—
Union,	303	—
Huron,	374	—
Warren,	1092	—
Butler,	—	1366
Champaign,	662	—
Greene,	1644	—
Hamilton,	—	1764
Knox,	—	589
Miami,	914	—
Clinton,	600	—
Shelby,	285	—
Highland,	42	—
Logan,	675	—
Pike,	172	—
Athens,	595	—
Marion,	—	35
Hocking,	—	646
Crawford,	—	600
Tuscarawas	381	—
Carroll,	115	—

NEW JERSEY.

We know not that the returns annexed, are absolutely correct—but the general result is admitted.

	Polk.	Clay.
Atlantic Co.,	350	—
Bergen,	400	—
Burlington,	—	709
Camden Co.,	—	238
Cape May,	—	—
Cumberland Co.,	—	278
Essex,	—	1822
Gloucester Co.,	—	513
Hudson,	—	427
Hunterdon Co.,	842	—
Mercer Co.,	—	307
Middlesex Co.,	—	304
Monmouth,	242	—
Morris,	—	442
Passaic,	—	311
Salem Co.,	—	318
Somerset Co.,	—	170
Sussex,	2195	—
Warren,	1250	—

CONNECTICUT.

The following are the returns from Connecticut, so far as heard from. The State, in 1840, gave a majority of 6,305 votes for Harrison. The election took place on Monday.

	Clay.	Polk.	Abol.
Fairfield,	5159	4381	129
New Haven,	5154	4381	230
Hartford,	5739	4772	233
Middlesex,	958	898	43
New London,	3131	2009	228
Windham,	1819	1482	142
Litchfield,	241	270	
Tolland,	2007	1206	84

Some towns are yet to hear from. The Whig majority will not exceed 2,200, as near as we can judge—but the plurality, will be about 3,000. In Connecticut, the scattering votes count against the highest candidate.

MARYLAND.

Complete returns, except from St. Mary's, give the Clay ticket a majority of about 3,000.

RHODE ISLAND.

Clay's majority in this State will be between two and three thousand.

VIRGINIA.

There are about 130 counties in Virginia, from which we have the following returns:

	Clay.	Polk.
Charles City co.	170	—
Prince George,	49	—
Caroline,	—	18
Spotsylvania,	—	15
Stafford,	—	106
Granville,	—	63
Chesterfield,	—	261
Richmond city,	348	—
Henrico,	164	—
Hanover,	90	—
King George,	40	—
Fairfax,	48	—
Sussex,	—	215
Brunswick,	—	51
Dinwiddie,	—	38
Loudon,	500	—
Morgan,	—	15
Jefferson,	187	—
Berkley,	124	—
Shenandoah,	—	1205
Hampshire,	—	11
Rockingham,	—	1500
Page,	—	700
Clarke,	—	25
Frederick,	—	72
Norfolk borough,	200	—
Petersburg,	40	—
Norfolk Co.,	30	—
Princess Ann,	76	—
Elizabeth City Co.,	9	—

Several other counties are heard from, but the reports are not very exact. There is a large Democratic gain, and can, we think, be no possible doubt that the State goes for Mr. Polk.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We give no details from this State. It is sure to go for the Democratic Ticket, and the only question is as to the amount of the majority. The Boston Post claims ten thousand.

ARKANSAS.—The Intelligencer of the 12th of October, printed at Van Buren, Ark., says that the Democratic candidate for Governor has beaten both his opponents by about 1,000 votes, and that Yell (Dem.) has been elected to Congress by 1,500 majority.

General News.

A CONTRAST.—It is stated that the jewelry worn by the Marquis of Westminster at the installation of Louis Philippe to the order of the garter, was of the most superb character. In the centre of his lordship's badge was the celebrated Arcot diamond, valued at 15,000 guineas. His lordship's sword also displayed a massive diamond, one of the largest in the world, weighing ninety-six carats, and valued at £20,000. The same nobleman has laborers on his estate, who have to support themselves, wives, and children, on about two dollars per week, and provisions near thirty per cent higher than in this country.

SAD DEATH.—The Northampton, (Mass.) Courier, states that Horace Warren, of Wilbraham, aged fifty-one, was found dead on the 22d ult., in a pasture on the West part of Westhampton, where it is supposed he must have been seventeen or eighteen days. On the 30th ult., he went to Hinsdale with a team, to get a load of lime, and had reached Worthington on his return, where he was taken sick, became deranged, and after two or three days left the place. He was not heard of, although much search was made, until found as mentioned.

☞ A melancholy and fatal accident recently occurred on the Central Railroad, near Macon, Geo. The whole train passed over the body of Mr. McLoud, a resident of that vicinity. The engineer discerned the body, and made every effort to stop the train, but fruitlessly. A saddle was found near the spot, from which it was inferred that the deceased had been thrown from his horse, and left insensible upon the track, where death overtook him.

☞ Last week, George, aged four years, son of the Rev. Josiah Graves, of Middletown, Conn., fell into the well of the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, but kept his head above water by holding on to the stones. The alarm reaching his mother almost immediately, she hastened to the spot, and descending the well, secured him to the bucket and rescued him. The boy must have been an uncommonly precocious child, to understand his position so well.

☞ Seth Luther, imprisoned in Rhode Island, in default of payment of $500 fine, imposed for his participation in the Door difficulty, has been released. His friends paid his fine, and a very large concourse received him, on his coming out, with cheers and congratulations. The Rhode Island Legislature, late in session, has adjourned to January, without pardoning Mr. Dorr, for whom petitions were presented by his friends.

CONVICTED.—In the Court of Quarter Sessions, on Wednesday, a verdict of guilty was rendered against Patrick Murray, charged with participation in the Kensington riots. He was recommended by the Jury to the mercy of the Court.

John McKeown, indicted for arson in the Kensington riots, proved an alibi, and the Jury acquitted him, without leaving their seats.

HEAVY TOLLS.—The Buffalo Courier says:—"The largest Canal Toll ever taken in one day in this city, was taken at the Collector's Office on Wednesday, viz: $12,456 44. Many of the boats clear for Lockport, there to pay toll again, as forwarders find that they can procure Bank facilities more easily there than here. Had the tolls through been paid here, the amount would have been over $20,000."

☞ The editor of the New Bedford Mercury has received a present of some ripe strawberries of a second growth this season, from the garden of Mr. W. A. Wall. Mr. W. has gathered this delicious fruit in considerable quantities from his vines during several weeks past. After the first bearing the plants were mowed down to the ground when they again put forth luxuriantly.

☞ There have been rumors that the Mormons on one side, and "disguised Indians" on the other, were threatening disturbance to the Court in session at Carthage. Advices at St. Louis, state that the Mormons who were encamped near Carthage had retired, that the disguised Indians had also disappeared, and the Circuit Court was going on quietly with its business.

PERHAPS.—The New York Sun says—"The Mexican brig of war Santa Ana, from Vera Cruz, with funds to pay for repairing the two Mexican war steamers, arrived on Sunday. Commodore Moore will probably make arrangements to capture the three Mexican vessels as soon as he can get them outside of Sandy Hook." Where is the Commodore's armament?

☞ During the month of October, there arrived at Baltimore, 5 ships, 6 barques, 24 brigs and 96 schooners—whole number 131. Of these, 123 were American, 5 British, 2 Bremen, and 1 Hanoverian. There also arrived during the same moth, 49 canal boats from the interior of Pennsylvania, and 10 schooners from Havre de Grace.

☞ Francisco Quinisset, who, it will be recollected, attempted to assassinate Louis Philippe, King of the French, was on the 26th ult. arrested by the New Orleans police, charged by Mr. Cann with attempting to shoot him in his own house on the preceding evening. His organ of destructiveness must be largely developed.

☞ A son of Dr. J. W. Hammond, of Hamburg, was so badly burnt by fire, last week, that he died. His mother, who was in the room, caught him and attempted to smother the fire by rolling him in a bed-quilt, but fainted in the effort. She herself suffered from the fire.

☞ The Gateshead Observer publishes the details of eight colliery explosions in Durham and Northumberland since 1812, by which 583 lives were lost! This is exclusive of similar accidents in which the number of victims was under 50 each.

WILD PIGEONS.—For two mornings, says the Nashville Gazette of the 25th ult., the skies have been literally hid from the view by immense flocks of wild pigeons so heavy that they can only be computed by square miles and acres.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Bruce's Church, at Pittsburg, Pa., was entered, a few nights since, and the candles in the pulpit and two charity boxes stolen. This is the second time this Church has been robbed within a few weeks past.

☞ The season which has just gone by was a very sickly one in the Cheokee country. The Advocate, in alluding to the fact, says that "deplorable scenes have been presented in some families, when five, six, a dozen, and in some instances all have been stricken down by disease, unable one to help the other."

☞ Berryman and Charles Jones, convicted at the last Supreme Court of Lumpkin County, Geo., were to have been hung on Monday, for the murder of Jesse Mooney. Two brothers together on the gallows, will be a terrible spectacle.

☞ Seth Grosvener, Esq., of New York, has sent $150 as a contribution for the poor who were bereft of all by the recent gale at Buffalo. Messrs. J. S. & N. Wadsworth, of Genessee, have contributed $100 to the same fund.

☞ Serious rioting took place in Montreal, Canada, during the recent elections. Seven hundred extra police, and four hundred soldiers were on duty. A great number of persons were injured, and four killed outright.

☞ A French Commissary of Police, finding his wife had violated the law by throwing a tumbler of water out of the window, had her brought before the police, and fined one franc and costs. Very conscientious.

☞ According to the report of the Board of Health of New Orleans, there were, from the 1st to the 15th of October, thirty-four deaths from yellow fever—thirty-three white persons and one colored.

☞ Mr. William Duff, Superintendent of the Locomotive Department at Canton, Md., has invented a new "Hydrostatic Safety Valve," for the purpose of preventing explosions on steam boats, &c.

☞ It is ascertained that the capital required for thirty one Railroads, authorised by the British Parliament, will be fifty-five millions of dollars.

☞ Five crops, within ten months, have been produced by a lemon tree, in the garden of Mr. C. F. Mills, in Savannah, Georgia, and on the 28th ult., the flowers of a sixth crop were in bloom.

☞ The arrivals at the port of Boston for October, were 698 vessels, of which 485 were coastwise, and 213 foreign. The clearances were 502, of which 313 were coastwise, and 189 foreign.

☞ It is stated that Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, is to have Power's statue of Eve—price three thousand dollars. It is also stated that his statue of the Greek Slave will go to England.

☞ It is estimated that the recent Mormon war will cost the State of Illinois $20,000. The aggregate expense incurred during the year on account of the Mormons, will not fall short of $50,000.

☞ Wm. J. Bacon, a clerk in the Post Office at Albany, who was arrested on a charge of stealing money from letters, pleaded guilty, and was, on Friday, sentenced to ten years in Auburn.

☞ A man named Adams, who shot a German in Cincinnati, for stoning his (Adam's) house a few weeks since, has been found guilty of manslaughter.

☞ Mr. R. A. Wright, of Queen Annes county, Md., had seven favorite hounds bitten by a mad dog, which, with the dog, were all immediately killed.

☞ The Thirtieth Anniversary of the expulsion of the Spaniards from Mexico, was celebrated throughout the Republic on the 11th of September last.

☞ The dangerous disease, called the Black Tongue, is said to be quite prevalent at Cummingsville, about four miles from Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ The real property of France, is valued at eight thousand millions of dollars, and the income from it three hundred millions of dollars.

☞ The total number of patents taken out in England in the last seven years was 2,676. The cost of the indentures was £150 each.

☞ Thus far there are thirty conservatives, fourteen radicals, and eight doubtful members, elected to the Canadian parliament.

☞ With a population of 4,000,000, Sweden has 160,000 distilleries, furnishing more than 400,000,000 gallons yearly.

☞ It is said that there were one thousand persons of foreign birth, naturalized in Baltimore last week.

☞ The Commercial Banking House, New Orleans, has been sold to the Bank of Louisiana for $55,000.

Educational.

GRADUATES.—The following is a table of the number of graduates, at some of the principal Colleges in the country for the present year:

1. Yale College, Connecticut,	104
2. Union College, New York,	81
3. Princeton College, New Jersey,	60
4. Dartmouth College, N. H.,	59
5. Harvard University, Mass.,	54
6. University of New York,	39
7. Williams College, Mass.,	33
8. Columbia College, New York,	32
9. Brown University, Rhode Island,	25
10. Rutger's College, New Jersey,	24
11. University of Vermont,	23
12. Amherst College, Mass.,	23
13. University of Pennsylvania,	20
14. Hamilton College, New York,	19
15. Wesleyan University, Conn.,	17
16. Dickinson College, Pennsylvania,	17
17. Middlebury College, Vermont,	16
18. Trinity College, Conn.,	12
19. Delaware College, Delaware,	11
20. Western Reserve College, Ohio,	11
21. Transylvania University, Kentucky,	11
22. Geneva College, New York,	10
23. Georgetown College, D. C.,	9
24. Marietta College, Ohio,	5
Total,	718

☞ The Catalogue of Harvard University, contains the names of 154 law students, 153 medical do., 38 theological, 12 resident graduates, 59 seniors, 66 juniors, 71 sophs., and 56 freshmen. Total, 609. The library contains 46,000 volumes.

New York City.

POLICE OF NEW YORK.—The Councils of New York have adopted a new police system, providing for a night and day force of two hundred policemen, with eight Police Stations. The new system is not to affect the present Watch Department in any other way than as it renders necessary the alteration in the Posts, to conform to the diminution of the Watch force consequent upon transfers into the municipal police.

☞ It is stated in the New York papers that between four and five thousand persons of foreign birth have been naturalized in New York city since the spring election.

FOURTEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. —THE PREMIUM COAT.—With what delight will Americans view that splendid coat of Mr. F. MAHAN'S, No. 211 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, which is now exhibiting at the *Franklin Institute*, and has been awarded a *premium* by that institution, when he is informed, that it is *entirely of American production.* Prince ALBERT might, did he possess an American spirit, glory in placing it by the side of Queen VICTORIA'S crown, numbering its *stitches* with her *jewels* and exclaim, "the sparkle of the jewels possess not the virtue of binding together American *fabric.*" It always affords us pleasure to speak of *America's* productions and the enterprise of her citizens; in doing which we season it with the wholesome advice—encourage your *own producers.* As Mr. Mahan is the publisher of *fashions* of the *latest* and *best* style, if you want a good fitting garment, tell your tailor to get his system.—*Franklin Advertiser, Oct. 31, 1844.*

SAND'S SARSAPARILLA.—"What a wonderful piece of work is man!" was the exclamation of a philosopher two hundred years ago. With what awe struck reverence should the philosopher of the 19th century contemplate the human system and its complicated organization, unveiled and laid bare by heaven directed science before his wondering eyes. The great object of the Christian philanthropist should be to turn his vast accession of knowledge to the mitigation of suffering and the cure of disease. Among the many remedial agents which have been introduced with this object, perhaps there is not one that has been so uniformly successful as *Sand's Sarsaparilla.* Many cases of Scrofula, Erysipelas, Mercurial Ulcers, and Glandular Enlargements, Tumors, Schirrous Swellings, and other diseases developed in the skin, the tissues and coatings of the muscles, and the muscles themselves have yielded to its benign operation, when all other remedies failed.
For farther particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of the agents gratis.
Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.
Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.
Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists,
79 Fulton street, New York.

T. B. PETERSON'S BOOK, MAGAZINE and PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT, is at number 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, at which place all orders for him should be addressed.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

940 shares Wilmington R. R.	24a24¼
890 do. Girard Bank,	11a11⅛
271 do. United States Bank,	7⅛a8
200 do. Reading R. R.	28⅛
25 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.,	28
20 do. United States Bank,	7½
12 do. Delaware Insurance Co.	25
10 do. Mechanics Bank,	26½
9 do. Northern Bank of Kentucky,	92
$1000 Lehigh 6's, 1845, b5	38½
$4000 Penna 5's, 2 ds.	72½
$1400 Lehigh 6's, 1845,	39
$2000 State 5's, 5d	72⅞
$300 Sch. Nav 6's, 1841,	99⅛
$300 U. States 5's, 1853,	103
$5000 Kentucky Bonds, s5,	103
$5000 State 5's, 5d,	72½
$5000 do. 4d,	72½
$3075 15 do. rw,	72½
$3000 do. 5d,	72½
$131 15 State 5's, ca,	69½
$4000 Texas Treasury Notes,	10¼
$1000 Lehigh 6's, 1845, b5d,	39
$80 48 County 5's, 1860, old,	97½
$3000 Lehigh 6's, 1845, b5d,	38¾
$100 State 5's, 1846, ca,	68¼
$100 35 do. ca,	68½
$1000 U. States 5's, 1853,	106½
$5000 State 5's, 5d,	73½
$2000 do. rw,	73¼
$1000 Lehigh 6's, 1845, b5d,	38¾
$1000 do., rw,	38½

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—No sales of quercitron; we quote 1st No. 1 at $22. *Coffee*—The only transactions since our last weekly report are 700 bags Rio at 6¼a7c on time. *Cotton*—Sales of the last three days are to a limited extent; we notice about 250 bales Uplands at 6⅛a6⅞c on the usual credit. *Fish*—The demand for mackerel is only by retail; we quote Nos. 1 and 2 at $12 and 10; 100 bbls North 3's sold at $8. *Fruit*—Holders of raisins are asking an advance. *Flour and Meal*—There is no new feature in the flour market; stocks are increasing, and the export demand continues small; we notice sales of common and fair brands at $4,37½a4,44; for city consumption we quote $4,44a4,50 for fair and good; $4,75 for extra brands. Rye Flour—No change, small sales at $3,25. Corn Meal—We notice a small sale of Pa. at $2,44. *Grain* arrives slowly, and the sales of wheat are limited to a few parcels of southern at 90 a94c, in store 94c; a lot of Pa., of prime quality, in store at 95c. We quote at 90a92c. Rye is wanted, sales of Pa. 65c and a lot on terms we could not learn, said to be an advance. Corn is stationary; sales of southern yellow 46c, white 41a42c; Pa. round yellow 47c. Oats, sales of southern at 27c. *Hides*, a sale of 2400 dry Puerto Cabello at 9c as they run, on the usual terms. *Hemp*, no sales, and no Manilla in first hands. *Lead*, no arrivals. *Molasses* in better request, a cargo of Cardenas has been taken out of the market, two cargoes from Cienfuegos and Trinidad not yet landed. *Naval Stores*, sales spirits turpentine, 48c, 850 bbls rosin 74c cash. *Plaster*, a small invoice sold at $2,75. *Provisions* in limited demand at steady rates. *Rice*, none in first hands, we quote at 3½a3¾c. *Seeds*, moderate sales of cloverseed at $3,75a3,87½, and 100 bushels prime at $4. Flaxseed may be quoted 128a130c. *Sugars* are firmly held, sales of 600 boxes Cuba brown at 7¼a7½c; no transactions in Muscovadoes have transpired. *Salt*—A cargo of Turks' Island sold on terms not public. *Whiskey* scarce, sales of hhds 20c, bbls 22c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 600 head beef cattle, including 120 driven to New York. 100 cows and calves; 400 hogs, and 1700 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle in better demand at a slight advance on last week's rates; we quote at $4a4,75 per 100 lbs for common to extra quality—all sold. Cows and calves mostly sold at $18a30; hogs—sales at $4ja5 per 100 lbs. Sheep—All sold at $1,50 to 3, as in quality.

Baltimore, Nov. 1.—Supplies of beef cattle have come in freely again this week, and prices show but little change. On Monday, the offerings at the scales embraced 980 head, of which 750 were taken by the packers and butchers in the city, and 70 driven to another market. Prices $1,37½ to 2,25 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $2,75a4,25 nett. Yesterday those left over at the commencement of the week were again offered, and fifty head sold at $3a4,25 nett. Hogs—About 1000 head of live hogs have been brought in this week, and sales have been made at $3,50a3,87½ per 100 lbs, principally at $3,75 for those of desirable quality.

Richmond, Oct. 31.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $1,81a2, nett, $3,62a4. Mutton—$2,25 to 3,50, according to quality. Veals sell from $3 to 5, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Hogs, nett, $4¼ to 4,75 per 100 lbs.

COLDS FROM WET FEET are the cause of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pleurisy, and many other fatal disorders, are often the result of catching cold, in consequence of wet feet, damp clothes, night air, &c.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, are certain to carry off and prevent all evil consequences from catching cold, because they purge from the body those morbid humors which are the cause of coughs, difficulty of breathing, consumption and other dangerous complaints.
From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time, not only remove the most obstinate cold, but the body will be restored to sounder health than before.
Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, covered with a counterfeit lithographic label, and sold by Mr. Reed, Druggist, corner of Saratoga and Fayette streets, Baltimore, are not manufactured by me, and, therefore, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.
The only security against imposition is to purchase from advertised agents, or at the following offices.
Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston.
☞ Observe.—The only authorized agent in Baltimore is Mr. Isaac P. Cook, Bookseller, No. 76 (formerly No. 32) Baltimore street. William Wright, Vice President North Am. Coll. of Health.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, November 9th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	25 dis
Girard do.	1 dis
Pennsyl's do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	par
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	par
Lancaster bank,	par
Far. bk, Lancaster,	par
Lebanon,	par
Harrisburg,	½a1 dis
Middleton,	½a1 dis
Carlisle,	½a1 dis
Columbia Bridge,	par
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	1 dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
" Certificates,	1 dis
" Post notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	½a1 dis
Gettysburg,	½a1 dis
Chambersburg,	½a1 dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	2 dis
" Demand notes,	2 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	2 dis
Berks county bank,	80 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	35 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	1½ dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	5 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	50
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do.
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk. Seneca co.	50 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	50 do
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	¾ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren Wash. Man. Co.	Broken.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manf. Co.	do
Red Backs,	¾ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks *no value*	
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	1 dis
Trea. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard,	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
Exchange on New York,	
" Boston,	
" Baltimore,	
Specie,	½ dis
Country Relief Notes,	1½a1½ dis
MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1¼
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	1½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	2 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various prices	
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	par
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Mechanics' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	1 dis
Farmers' bk & brah's,	1 dis
Valley bk and branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	2
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phoenix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk of Mill.	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rucker Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	4a5 dis
Small notes,	5a7 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	1½ dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	2 dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	Trans-
CANADA.	
Montreal,	¼ dis a ½ prm.

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," The "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, or franked, to T. B. PETERSON, *No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia*, will meet with prompt attention.

WILLIAM AND MARY GIBSON, LEFT Great Harwood, Lancashire, England, for America, in 1829. If this should meet the eye of any one that could give information where they are living, it would much oblige Lawrence and Ellen Pilkington. Pilkington's family are living at S. Bancroft's, near Providence, five miles from Old Chester, Delaware county, Pennsylvania. oct 26-3t*

ALMANAC.

October, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
9 SATURDAY,	6 59	5 1	1 17	
10 SUNDAY,	7 1	4 59	2 5	D. H. M.
11 MONDAY,	7 2	4 58	3 7	
12 TUESDAY,	7 3	4 57	4 9	
13 WEDNESDAY,	7 4	4 56	5 10	Last 3 5 34
14 THURSDAY,	7 5	4 55	6 9	New 10 4 51
15 FRIDAY,	7 6	4 54	7 4	First 16 8 45
16 SATURDAY,	7 7	4 53	7 54	Full 24 6 54

Married,

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. James Neele, Mr. GEO. S. TWITCHELL, to Miss EMILY SKINNER, both of this city.

At Mauch Chunk, Carbon county, Pa. on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Webster, Rev. ASHBEL G. HARNED, late of this city, to Miss CATHARINE, daughter of Mr. J. Fatzinger, of Mauch Chunk.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Higgins, W. SOMERVILLE FRAZIER, Printer, of Maryland, to CAROLINE, daughter of the late Isaac Newton, Esq. of England.

On the 29th ult. at Friends' Meeting, Sixth and Noble street, WM. KINSEY, Jr. of Frankford, Pa. to MARY S. daughter of John Lippincott, of this city.

At Northborough, Mass. on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Joseph Allen, HENRY DAVIS, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY S. B daughter of the late Col. Joseph Davis, of that place.

On the 4th ult. at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Edmund Neville, BENJAMIN J. RITTER, to EMILY KOTCH, daughter of the late Thomas Inskeep, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Peter Russell, BENJAMIN F. WARNER, to Miss HANNAH W. RATCLIFF, of Wesquehoning.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. McDowell, Mr. WALLIS W. JENKINS, to Miss MATILDA WHITE.

On the 24th ult. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, JOHN F. DIVVERS, to MATILDA, daughter of Thomas Stokes.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. E. S. Ely, D.D., Mr. EZRA CALHOUN, to Miss MARY A. RICHARDSON.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOS. MOORE, to Miss MARY E. BROWN, all of this city.

By the Rev. Wm. Cooper, Mr. ISRAEL BIRMINGHAM, to Miss PARMELIA H. EVANS, both of Burlington county, New Jersey.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. John D. Ocins, Mr. JAMES S. COLVIN, to Miss HESTER A. WALKER, both of Delaware city, New Castle county, Delaware.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Theodore Wiley, Mr. JOHN WILSON, to Miss MARY WILLIAMSON, all of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 6th instant, ALEXANDER GRAHAM LONG, aged 58 years.

On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY MONTER, wife of Christian Monter, in the 61st year of her age.

On the 5th inst. Mr. JOHN TRAGUE, aged 65 years.

On the 4th inst. ROSANNA BURK, in the 44th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. EUNICE MILLER, in the 40th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. of consumption, HARRIET B. ROGERS, aged 25 years, daughter of the late John Rogers, of Chester county, Pa.

On Sunday, Oct. 3, 1844, Mrs. JANE DUNHAM, relict of Benj. Dunham, in Blockley Township, Philada. county.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. SOPHIA AMSBRUSTER, in the 82d year of her age.

On the 4th inst in the 29th year of his age, JOHN KITTERA, son of John K. Graham.

On the 3d inst. AMELIA CORYELL, in the 81st year of her age.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. CATHARINE CARPENTER, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 22d of August, near Canton, Madison county, Miss., Mrs. ELIZABETH GARTLEY, formerly of this city, in the 70th year of her age.

In this city, on the 2d inst. MARY E. daughter of Saml. R. and Eliza Christian, of Chester, Delaware county, aged 3 years and 3 months.

On the 1st inst. ABRAHAM EMERY, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. at his residence, in Plymouth Township, Montgomery county, Mr. CHARLES STOUT, in the 65th year of his age, formerly of this city.

On the 31st ult. WILLIAM MEADE, son of the Rev. Jacob and Mary H. Douglass, aged 3 years and 18 days.

On the 2d inst. HENRY DAVAULT, in the 18th year of his age.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. SARAH DOLBY, aged 60 years, a native of Leicester, England.

On the 3d inst. CHARLES GARMAN, son of Charles, Jr. and Ann Garman, aged 14 months and 15 days.

On the 1st inst. JAMES L. G. SMITH, aged 9 months and 2 weeks, son of J. B. and Harriet Smith.

On the 3d inst. WILLIAM W. BARKER, youngest son of Abraham and Sarah W. Barker, aged 3 months.

On the 27th ult. JOSEPH, son of Dr. Isaac Remington, aged 21 months.

In Woodville, Miss., Oct. 4th, of yellow fever, Doctor HENRY N. MARTIN, aged 35 years. Also, Oct. 11th, of the same disease, GEORGE MARTIN, aged 28 years, sons of the late Dr. John S. Martin, of Worcester county, Md.

HEALTH OFFICE, NOVEMBER 2, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington,
From the 26th of October to the 2d of November.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Abscess,	0	1	Brought over,	26	29
—Liver,	1	0	Hemorrhage from Bowels,	1	0
—Hip,	1	0	Inflammation,	1	0
Apoplexy,	2	0	—Bronchi,	0	1
Burns and Scalds,	2	0	—Lungs,	0	1
Croup,	0	5	—Stomach and Bowels,	0	3
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	Inanition,	0	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	2	Ileus,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	7	Mania a Potu,	2	0
Cyanosis,	0	1	Malformation,	0	1
Diarrhoea,	3	0	Marasmus,	0	2
Dropsy,	2	1	Old Age,	3	0
—Head,	0	5	Palsy,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	2	0	Rheumatism,	1	0
—Liver,	0	1	Scirrhus of the Stomach,	1	0
—Stomach,	0	1	Still Born,	0	9
Epilepsy,	1	0	Trismus,	0	1
Fever, Congestive,	1	0	Ulcerated Sore Throat,	0	1
—Bilious,	1	1	Unknown,	1	1
—Scarlet,	0	3			
Carried over,	26	29	Total,	59—38	50

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 11 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct. 27,	51	55	54
28,	52	53	54
29,	48	49	48
30,	41	43	43
31,	41	44	47
Nov. 1,	39	47	52
2,	48	55	60

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.
REMOVAL.—THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING handsomely fitted up the STORE at the N. E. corner of FOURTH and ARCH streets, (formerly occupied by J. W. GIBBS, and latterly by Evans & Temple,) informs the public, that he has on hand and is now opening a large and splendid variety of the newest and most approved styles of SEASONABLE DRY GOODS, many of which were purchased at the late extensive PUBLIC SALES, at prices much below the importation cost, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH, WHOLESALE or RETAIL.
The assortment of DRESS GOODS is equal, if not superior to any offered; particular attention being paid to *style and proper combination of colors*, as well as to quality.
Care is also taken to have an extensive assortment of such PLAIN GOODS as are in the market of approved descriptions, and at the lowest prices.
CHARLES ADAMS,
N. E. corner of 4th and Arch streets.
Philad., 11th Mo., 9th, 1844. nov 9-eow3t

THIER'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON (COMPLETE) WITHOUT THE SLIGHEST ABRIDGEMENT FOR ONE DOLLAR!!
CAREY & HART, PHILADELPHIA, HAving purchased an early copy from the French publisher, will shortly publish
THE HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE. BY M. A. THIER'S,
"Author of "The History of the French Revolution."
Translated from the French with notes and additions.
This magnificent work, *The Life of Napoleon*, on which M. Thier's has been engaged for many years, is at length completed and is now in the hands of the printer. A company was formed in Paris who purchased the copyright for 520,000 francs, or
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.
The Paris edition will form TEN LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES, and will cost about $15. The American publishers will issue a TRANSLATION OF THIS FAMOUS WORK simultaneously with its publication in Paris. *Each volume* of the Paris edition will be comprised in a *single* No. of the American edition and will be sold for
TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS,
and a remittance of ONE DOLLAR (free of postage) will pay for the entire work in Ten numbers, WHICH WILL CONTAIN EVERY WORD IN THE ORIGINAL EDITION.
Orders to be addressed to CAREY & HART, PUBLISHERS, PHILADELPHIA, or to the following agents: Burgess, Stringer & Co., New York; Redding & Co., Boston; N. Hickman, Baltimore; G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia; Drinker & Morris, Richmond; F. Taylor, Washington; McCarter & Allen, Charleston, S. C.; S. Weir, Columbia, S. C.; Turner & Hughes, Raleigh, N. C.; M. Boullemet, Mobile; J. B. Steel, J. C. Morgan, or B. M. Norman, New Orleans; W. N. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky.; Robinson & Jones, Cincinnati, Ohio; Whiting & Huntingdon, Columbus, Ohio; H. A. Turner, St. Louis, Mo.
☞ Editors of newspapers inserting the above three times in a conspicuous place, previous to the first day of December, 1844, and forwarding a paper containing the advertisement to Carey & Hart, will be entitled to receive a copy of the work. nov 2-3t

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS,
CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND SCHOOL STREETS, BOSTON.
HAVE FOR SALE, AT THE Lowest Prices, a great variety of works in every department of literature, American and Foreign. Their assortment comprises the best works on MEDICINE, SURGERY, and the collateral sciences. Also, all the most popular standard and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, together with a large and valuable collection of SCHOOL AND JUVENILE BOOKS.
W. D. T. & Co. have lately selected in England a very superior lot of
OXFORD BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS,
including every size printed at the famous University Press. Many of those just imported are richly Bound in Morocco and Velvet, with Clasps.
A supply of very superior STATIONARY may always be obtained by applying as above.
NOTICE. PHYSICIANS are invited to call at or send to the Store, corner of Washington and School Streets, and receive a Catalogue. The Medical Books are classified and arranged in a convenient part of the room, where they can be examined. Students attending the Lectures, will have a good opportunity to provide themselves with the latest and best Text-Books, by applying as above, at low prices. aug 3-tf

BOOTS AND SHOES BY THE PACKAGE.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED to sell good quality BOOTS, SHOES and BROGANS of every description, as low as they can be bought of the manufacturers.
Purchasers are requested to examine the market, and then call at No. 69 Chesnut below Third street, Philada.
jan 6-1y* THOMAS L. EVANS.

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 67 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.
Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.
feb 10-1y* ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected,—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, as the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE,
ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of this duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons, but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so abused as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere panders for crime. As

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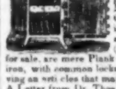
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concluded to get a
bottle at my own
expense
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From the Magazines.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A LAMENT.

BY CARLOS.

It is not that the lads the girl
And mind not better stop anything;
It is not that old, removed "Ma"
As loud as could be, shut of hearing;
It cuts not that she slay the dust,
And not her nasty lap-dog on me;
Oh no—a greater, heavier grief
Weighs down my heart, and pumps upon me.

I cannot hand to one her gr,
And promenade with other fellows;
I cannot bear to see her walk
On rainy days, 'neath their umbrellas;
To see such things againg on,
Excites my virtuous indignation;
It makes me sweat, as one sway say,
In vulgar phrase, "Like all creation."

To see her seated in a chair,
With half a dozen fops about her;
And hear that fool, Augustus, swear,
He "can't exist a day without her;"
The rascal which makes my cuttered hoper
Fall thick and fast, like leaves in Autumn,
And causes my poor heart to beat
Like a young bear's, when dogs have caught him.

What if her father is the Squire,
And I'm a brainless-lawyer-devil?
She doesn't cut me in the street—
It wouldn't hurt her to be civil.
But ah! my heart-strings are a-hole
Up which her hand mandolin fingers;
We'll be it so! the tune is sad,
But then 'tis played by Beauty's fingers!

Enough! Enough! I'm lost the maid!
My mate is hankering on distraction;
Yes, yes—I'll leave this classic shade,
And stock a wider field of action;
I'm in the dumps! I'm mad, I know,
In war's proud ranks I'll seek for glory,
And then, perhaps, in later years
My name will sound in some old story

And if, ob 'cout Mariana!
You hear them tell about a stranger,
Who wore the lone star on his crest,
And "never cared a cent for danger,"
Perhaps you'll penally look around,
And with a sigh of sympathy,
Exclaim to all your wondering friends,
"That brave young man once courted me!"

Sea Sketches.

THE STEWARD'S DUEL.

A Tale of Honor.

BY HEZEKIAH RINGBOLT.

There was, on board the Maria, an appendage common to all ships, called a steward, who was certainly a curiosity. The shining black of his complexion would vie with the reflected image of the sun in a tar-barrel—between his sunset lips were seen two or three tobacco' grained teeth, when he designed to smile. His eyes resembled two parched peas, and his wool pattock about equally of black and white. Flesh and blood he had little of, but of skin and bone a very fair proportion. His understanding was rather limited, his two little toes being among the missing, which circumstance can be best explained in his own language.

"Why, sar, I tell you just how dese have been toes come gone. You see I was goin to Batavia in the H——, long with Captain Ned, three years done gone since last winter. We cotched a northeaster in the bay, is quaccoonce of a hurricane, which may mean pretternatural cold. Well, when they got thawed, they was exercuciating *sore*, and when we get to Batavia the exercuciating preponderated most excessive. So one day the doctor come board and look at 'em. "Toward," says he, "I'll amputate 'em to-morrow." "Extremely obliged," sez I. So next day down comes doctor. 'Git up on table dere,' sez he. So I gets up. Well, he takes out a most uppyrobious looking knife.

"'Hulle, Doctor,' sez I, 'what you gwoin to do?'

"'Cut your toes off,' sez he.

"'Cut my toes off,' sez I: 'why, I t'ot you was gwoin to *amputate* 'em.'

"'So I am,' sez he.

"'Why,' sez I, 'ain't amputate a kind of a poultice?'

"'Well, if that are Dutch Doctor didn't laugh! However, he cut 'em hole off, and he learnt what 'amptate' meant without a Dictionary.

"Steward!"

"Good gracious, dere's the old man hollerin' after me," and David hobbled down the companion way on his eight toes, faster than you or I would have done on ten.

If my readers have never been passengers, let me tell them that they will always find themselves more comfortable by keeping on the right side of this important functionary, who, though he seldom dares to be impudent, is often sulky, and performs services negligently for those who happen to fall under the bane of his displeasure. I have seen such unfortunate individuals with their hands in the suds, minus a towel, singing out, "Steward! steward!" to the peril of their lungs, while the darkey was on deck, leisurely exercising bacca for his favorites, and murmuring to himself, "Holler 'way, dere—do your t'out good!" Now, as I happened to be a passenger, I was naturally desirous of having all the comforts that situation is capable of; for at best it is often a miserable one. The cook is a happier man than a passenger on a long voyage, especially if the latter happen to be a seaman. One has little to interest himself about. Books are overhauled and laid aside; meals eaten, and, for want of exercise, with difficulty digested, for when you walk the deck you are sure to be in some one's way; if you catch hold of the weather main brace to benefit your muscles, it is insinuated that there are enough to work ship without you; and if you chance to look aloft, the captain looks thunder clouds and he thought you were criticising the trim of the sails. Oh, that was a long tedious passage! "Two years before the mast" was not half so long as four months in that ship's cabin.

However, as I was remarking, having a desire to be as comfortable as circumstances would admit, I speedily insinuated myself into the good graces of the steward, by means of old shirts and trowsers, tobacco and cigars, and kind words—but this enviable position was attended with this slight inconvenience—that all the grists that strolled his gentle bosom found vent in my ears. Many were the mournful tales I was compelled to listen to, unable to afford relief, especially when they concerned the "old man," who often amused himself with banging the steward's head against a bulkhead, to the imminent danger of the latter's head. The only little of consolation, I could give him for this frequent cause of complaint, was advice to be thankful that his shins escaped uninjured.

The other passenger was a young gentleman, who, perhaps, from neglecting such sage advice as I have been giving, enjoyed but little of David's good will, and received no more attention and service from him than he was absolutely obliged to render. His clothes were never brushed, his state room left in disorder till night, and sundry other negligences he experienced, all which he bore as best he could, until a sudden revolution took place after this wise. I was taking my accustomed walk after breakfast, one fine Saturday morning, and had just turned aft toward the companion-way, when out rushed David therefrom, with bristling wool, and a most demoniac expression of countenance, and jumped on deck, the image of rage and uglifiedness combined.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "what now! you look like a scared snake, what's the matter?"

"What-a-matter, sa!" (in gorry, you want to know what-a-matter! Wy, he truck me, yes, sar, dat are young man! he truck me!" And David's fury was unpreventable.

"I'll teach him a lesson! I'll pull his ears!" I'll bab his heart's blood!" All which exclamations were accompanied with such antic gestures as put the mate into a chronic fit of laughter, and would have operated upon me likewise, had not an idea of further open taken possession of my brain.

"This is no laughing matter," said I. "Why, Mr. Pintle, I am astonished at you—and David I am really sorry for you, for it was indeed an outrageous insult; and if, as you say, you think the stain upon your honor can only be wiped out with blood, my pistols are at your service. However, I have no idea that Mr. Johnson will fight. A pistol will frighten him."

"I'll fight him," replied David; "yes, sar, he *shall* fight; if he don't, ob'ry body call 'em coward; dat fix him any way. I believe he faid too."

"Well, then," said I, "you must challenge him, that's all. Now go to the galley and get me a coal of fire."

While David went on this errand, I stepped below, and gave Johnson his cue.

Ere long that gentleman came leisurely on deck and walking to the leeward, looked over the side apparently in a contemplative mood. The opportunity of giving the challenge "*in propria persona*" was not lost upon David, who presented himself before his victim with all the dignity of a Congo Senator, prefacing and accompanying his speech with a look calculated to intimidate a Napoleon, and with which he expected to excite in his antagonist the trembling of a bad ague—

"Mister Johnson," said he, "you is telled me, you no put a inveterate stain on my disinour that only gwaine be stermanated with blood! Possible no dat—intentioned to be the sittimentous, and you will please determate the time!"

Mr. Johnson was not annihilated, nor did he even laugh. On the contrary, David's surprise can scarcely be imagined at his unblanched cheek and sharp reply.

"If it was not to cheatise your impudence, I'd not condescend to meet you, but you shall have your wish. Let the meeting be upon the main deck this afternoon at 3 o'clock, after the Captain has turned in. Mr. Ringbolt and Mr. Pintle, I presume, will act as seconds;" and he coolly walked away, leaving David too much astonished to utter a word. The unexpected courage of Mr. Johnson, whom he had anticipated the triumph of easily over the coward, had suddenly disarmed the steward and made him what he would fain have called his adversary.

"Look here, sar," said he, as soon as Mr. Johnson had disappeared, "look here! dat are young man gwoin to fight! Wha'd tot o' dat!"

"Why, to be sure," replied Mr. Pintle, "you asked him, didn't you? How you'd *have* to fight unless you can buy'ed and be called a coward."

"Me buy off! Me coward! I'm not that cheap no way! No sar. Only good gracious, Mr. Ringbolt, to be sent out of this sublime! belonging to such a stercorarious way, makes me kind o'—kind o'—"

"Oh nonsense," said I, "I don't believe that Mr. Johnson will come to the pinch. You had better see him again."

David was not long in following this advice.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "I didn't preaxactly scriminate what you said a'little while gone. You mean to say, you rather polegize?"

"I polegize! No, I mean to fight you."

"Now, Mr. Johnson," and he put on an air of consideration, "I really don't want your blood. I am very sevageous with a pistol. I've killed a fly, five fathom off—so you better polegize."

"Apologize! I tell you, I won't apologize to a darkey! ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, just say you're sorry."

"But I am not in the least sorry."

"Well then just say you 'truck me kind o' accidental, say something to ta save your life."

"You miserable black rascal," exclaimed Johnson, "I see just how it is. You are a smoaking coward. You've asked me to fight, and you shall fight. If you don't, I'll heave you overboard on the first dark night."

This was a settler. Whatever latent courage there was in David's bosom, seemed to spread out over all his anxious as he muttered—"That's an insinuation you'll be impenitent for 'ear dis afternoon at 'tree o'clock!"

A wild and inexplicable look hung about David's countenance that day. He made several mistakes as to his dinner, putting salt water into his soup—under-boiling his salt fish, and burning his pancakes—all which called down the maledictions of the "old man," who threw a plate at his head, and then cursed him for breaking it, and finally charged it to his account.

"Cook," said the steward, after dinner was over and the two colored gentlemen were seated on the spars, near the galley, washing their dishes, "Cook, I feels a little disconsobrated, but I'm not gwoin to be timidated. Dis here may be the last time me and you sets here cocupied in your company. If I falls in de encounter, you'll git promoted. Now mine what I tell you: when you gits to be toward, jus you trow your dignity overboard. Dignity, cook, dignity's what's got my life in jeopardy ever. If you trow dat away, jus you tirn round and tell 'em to 'trike the bidder side too. However, dis afternoon you'll see me act like gentleman, lib or die, and now let's wash up clean."

As was his wont, Capt. Westerly turned in for a snooze after dinner. The watch on deck were all occupied in the usual "super" employment of Saturday afternoons—cleaning muskets—all eager to see the fight, which they had an inkling, Mr. Johnson and the steward appeared at the quarter deck at the appointed hour, when the former proposed to the latter a choice of seconds, leaving him to choose Mr. Pintle or myself. The honor of being David Williams's second was mine.

The pistols were produced. Before leading, Mr. Johnson offered David also a choice of weapons. After trying the locks of each, and upon due consultation with his second, he selected the one which seemed to throw the most fire; and now the enemy, wishing to be aboveboard in everything, allowed him to select one of two bullets.

It devoted upon me to load the weapons, which I did first for Mr. Johnson, slowly and surely, 1st powder, 2d wad, 3d bullet, (at which the steward shuddered, and turned as nearly pale as a darkey conveniently could) and then a slight wad over all, and finally primed the pan. "Is that pistol loaded fairly?" said Mr. Pintle to his principal.

"Ya—yas, sar," faltered David.

"Now then for yours," said I. "So—you see—here goes the powder!" "Yas, sar." "Now the wad." "Yas, sar" "Now the ball." "Yas, sar." "And now the last wad."

"Oh, lorry gorry, Mister Pintle, don't you step on my toes dat's cut off!" (While he turned then to express himself, his bullet rolled down my jacket sleeve.)

"Come, come, what's the odds," exclaimed I impatiently, "what difference does it make about your toes? You'll be going after it, perhaps, directly. Now attend to more important business. I was just ramming down the last wad in your pistol. See here—now it's primed. Are you satisfied, Mr. Pintle, that your principal's pistol is fairly loaded?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Mr. Pintle, "and he is now ready to take his station."

Reader, imagine this beautiful specimen of Ethiopia, mounted on one gun, facing his antagonist, who stood on the other, at the short distance of twenty-five feet, and who was pointing the muzzle of a loaded horse-pistol at his face!

He had screwed his courage up to the sticking point, but his pistol-hand trembled so that his weapon would not have been dangerous, even if the ball had been in it, instead of in my pocket, and his knees fairly rattled while the expression of the four strangely came like that of a galvanized mummy.

All tittering was suppressed, and every one looked on with an appearance of awe.

"Will you pel—pel—polize now, Misser Johnson?" stammered the steward.

"No! I'll rather blow your brains out."

"Well, then, sar, *I'll* polegize to you," said David, fairly overcome.

"Too late for that now. Don't disgrace yourself by being called a coward," said his second. "Aim steady, you'll hit him. Now! I'll go on to give the word. All ready. Well—one—two—three—Fire!"

Simultaneously went off both pistols, Johnson's ball of course over the mark; while the steward made a leap from the gun for the main hatch, where he alighted on all fours, exclaiming, "Good lorry gorry! am I killed?—I'm dead!" but instantly jumping up, ran to Mr. Johnson, asserting him that he was perfectly satisfied, and "the stain on his disinour was stermianed."

The report of the pistols, and the noise and laughter which ensued, brought Capt. Westerly, half naked, on deck, which circumstance having been anticipated, all hands had resumed their occupations, principal David, who felt just begun to find himself alive, and stood pistol in hand, spell bound by this new cause of terror.

"What's all this noise about," roared the old man, "and what's that thunder-cloud doing there in the waist?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," said I, "only the steward took a fancy to discharge one of my pistols, which went off so unexpectedly as to frighten him, as you see."

In consequence of this explanation the steward escaped the full measure of wrath, being only ordered about his business, receiving but one kick as a hint to do so speedily.

Thus resulted David Williams's duel. He still lives in ignorance of the abstraction of his bullet, and maintains that "de whir of Misser Johnson's bullet" was what knocked him down. He expressed himself to the cook as pretty well satisfied with his opponent's apology, and acknowledgment of his superiority, though he would have insisted on another shot if "de ole man bad'nt woke up!" while his attention and obedience to Mr. Johnson for the remainder of the passage, evinced that the communication to the cook was strictly confidential.—*Boston Mercantile Journal*

Our Scrap Book.

LINES TO A KEG OF LIQUOR.

Within these prisons walls repose
The choicest songs, the merriest souls.
The fire for fighting nothing lull,
The power quick as words can move,
The tones like religion into flame,
The rose with velvet covering red,
The blessed eye, the broken head!
Forever banished be this door
Confined within, a thousand more
Destructive fiends of hostile shape,
Even now are plotting an escape.
Here, only by a cask restrained,
In slender walls of wood contained,
In all their dirt of death resale
Revenge, that so'er was resided
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming and dispute,
A scale that innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails,
The giddy thought, an morbid best,
The midnight bowl be fully spent,
All these within this cask repose
And Jack, the hangman in the rear!

BRIGHTNESS OF EARTH.—There is on earth much sorrow and darkness, there is crime and sickness, the shriek of despair, and the long and silent torture. Ah! who can name them all, the sufferings of humanity, in their manifold pale dispensation! But God be praised! there is also an affluence of goodness and joy, there are noble deeds, fulfilled hopes, moments of rapture, decades of blissful peace, bright marriage days and calm, holy death-beds.—*Miss Bremer*

THE MINISTER'S REPROOF.—A certain minister, not long since, paid a visit to a female of his acquaintance who was newly married, and who was, at the time attired in one of her indecent fashions, a la Bloomer. After the usual compliments, he familiarly said—

"I hope you have a good husband, madam."

"Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man, too, I think."

"I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go half naked."

☞ E. told an amusing story of a court out west, which was holden in a half finished log house, the boy spectators sitting with their legs dangling from the rafters. Just as the judge had finished charging the jury, and every thing was going on quietly, a tall Hoosier, in an enormous bear-skin cap, walked in, and probably thinking it necessary to imitate the court after his usual fashion, called out in a free and easy sort of way, "Wal, how are ye all?"—*Post.*

☞ A Verb is a word as signifier to be, or do, or to suffer, which is all the grammar, and enough too, as ever I was taught; and if there's a verb alive, I'm it. For I'm always a bein' sometimes a doin' and continually a sufferin'."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

☞ The difference of time between Baltimore and Washington is about a minute and a half. As the telegraph transmits communications in the fraction of a second, it consequently does it considerably less than one time.

☞ "Nancy, you must have my things ready to-morrow morning early—we hunts start at 7 o'clock." "Oh, dear, husband! with you it is always must, must, must—you are the most nasty man I ever knew."

☞ "Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you have said in this case." "Ah, sir," said the conscious witness, "but think of what I didn't say."

☞ When you see a person continually barking at, and shoving those pronounced of inferiority may know that, like a dog at the foot of the tree, he backs because he can't climb.

☞ "This is high living," as the poet said when he dined in the garret, on three-fourths of a cracker.

WHAT ARE BUBBLES?

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER, FOR NOVEMBER.

"What are bubbles?" asked a child,
Gazing with bewildered eyes
On the spheres of fairy form,
Glittering with the rainbow dyes
"They are toys, and they are gaily gay,
Yet when I grasp them, they are gone"

What are bubbles?—envious boy,
Thou hast stabbed with poisoned dart
With scorn meaning, deeply traced
On the varied page of life
And a wound, which no human draught,
Answers from the cells of thought.

Hopes are bubbles, born to burst,
When their hues the brightest seem;
Joys are bubbles—we pursue
Shadow a delusive gleam;
Like bubbles sparkling in the sun
Are only bright when distant from you

Fame, ambition, the delights
We have longed for years to clasp,
Won at length through toil and strife,
Perish in our eager grasp
Grief and gladness—pleasure, troubles,
All alike are empty bubbles!

Life's a bubble, bright and bland,
And its ever changing dyes,
With a purer radiance glow
As it moves towards the skies,
Till wafted on Time's parting breath,
Thy shattered by the touch of death.

Selected Sketches.

A LOVE CHASE.

The Portland Argus relates what follows:—"A love adventure happened in this city a fortnight since, which, as it has a moral to it, it may not be amiss to relate. A stranger came among us a little while ago, and in the course of itinerancy in the prosecution of his business, fell in with a pretty, inexperienced girl, and after a few interviews promised her marriage, and they were to start for Boston in the afternoon train, to have the knot tied. In the mean time, the mother-in-law of the girl got an inkling of what was going on, and she also appeared at the depot, to restrain her roving daughter from throwing herself into the arms of a comparative stranger.

"The second Act opens at the Depot, with the train about to start. The mother had entered the cars, and confronting her daughter and her lover, and upbraided the other for 'stealing away an old woman's daughter.' The daughter would not heed her entreaties and tears. The lover was cold and indifferent to her threats. She told him he was a married man and unprincipled—and bade him beware of retribution. To her daughter she appealed, that she might return with her, and make her home glad, which was now desolate. The passengers' feelings were manifestly on the side of the mother—but her appeals could not draw her daughter out of the cars. Meanwhile time flew, and the moment of departure came. The mother was still beseeching—the daughter pouting—the lover frowning,—when dame fortune for once helped the matron, and disappointed the maid. The conductor inquired if the girl had a ticket? She had not—and as the rule requires passengers to be so provided, she was advised to step to the office and obtain one. She stepped out—and the train moving now quite exciting, some of the passengers *happened* to be very much in the way of the the lover, and he couldn't get out so easily. Finding his egress through the door strangely prevented, he rushed to the window, and with a $3 bill between his fingers, endeavored to convey it to her. She was evidently leaving home, in this man's company, without money. But he could not reach her. A tall beau, however, laying his thumb by the side of his nose, and twirling his fingers, politely informed him that 'he couldn't come it.' Here was a situation! The girl without, with no means to purchase her ticket; the fellow within, unable to get out—and every body laughing at him.

"It is an old proverb, 'time and tide wait for no man'—neither does the mail train—nor for woman either. At the moment the signal was sounded, the bell tolled, the engineer let on the steam—the fireman grinned—the spectators laughed—and off went the train, with the itinerant, but *without* his victim. Then it was that the force of the girl's love broke forth. When she saw the gap every moment widening between them, she could endure the thought no longer—but set off with frantic speed, *to fall down after the cars!* Some shouted, some opened wide their mouths, some unfeelingly cried 'put on more steam my dear,' a few pitied the poor girl. She soon found that her speed, even when impelled by love, was not equal to the *mail train!* She returned, dejected and in tears; to repeat the thought of the old poet, 'the course of true love never did run smooth.'"

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Choice Selections.

WESLEY'S DEATH-BED.

We visited Mr. Calman's picture gallery in Broadway, principally for the purpose of seeing an engraving of the "Death of the Rev. John Wesley," and wish we could transfer to paper the emotions we experienced as we gazed upon the same pencilled faithfully before us. The moment selected by the artist for representation is that in which the holy and apostolic man, after some minutes of silent prayer or thought, with clasped hands, uttered those memorable words which thrilled through the hearts of his weeping friends—"THE REST OF ALL IS GOD IS WITH US."

Standing at the foot of the bed and leaning forward to catch any farther words that might fall from the lips of the dying saint, is the Rev. Peard Dickenson, for nine years reader of the prayers at the City-road chapel, London. Behind him, enveloped in a cloak, stands Dexter Whitehead, the friend and biographizer of Wesley. Sitting near Mr. Dickenson is the venerable Mather, with his ear-trumpet raised to his ear, and near him is a youth—the son of the Rev. James Rogers—who is the lone survivor of the group. On the right of the bed, Mrs. Charles Wesley is kneeling in an agony of grief. At the head, somewhat behind, stands Mr. Wesley's most tried and intimate friend, the Rev. Joseph Bradford. At a little distance from the circle is seated a medical student, a pupil of Dr. Whitehead's. He stood in testing on his hand as though musing and overpowered by the sanctity of the scene.

On the left is Mrs. Esther Ann Rogers, looking sorrowfully but calmly on the countenance of Mr. Wesley. Behind her stands the taller figure of Miss Ritchie, afterward Mrs. Mortimer. On the right of Mrs. Rogers stands the Reverend Thomas Rankin, a supernumerary preacher, and on her left her husband, the Rev. James Rogers. Rev. James Creighton, John Horton, Esq. Mr. Wesley's executor, his countenance indicating strong emotion, Rev. George Whitfield, Mr. Wesley's book steward, Rev. Jonathan Edmondson, Robert Carr Brackenbury and others.

The engraving is by W. O. Geller, from a painting by M. Claxton, and when framed is 32 inches by 25. As a work of art it is admirable. The expression of the figures, the characteristic expression which the artist has depicted, the grief of each, and above all, the calm, illuminated though enunciated countenance of the dying man himself, stamp the production as at once a faithful portraiture and a finished specimen of art. To the more opulent members of that growing section of the Christian church to whom the name and memory of Wesley must ever be dear, such a picture must be above price.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

The subjoined is simple, and touchingly beautiful.

She put him on a snow-white shroud—
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early garments
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in the little grave—
Twas hard to lay him there;
When earth has covered him, earth its flowers,
And every thing was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone;
And she sat down her head and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo! her child
Stood by her weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was white,
He seemed a little wan;
Yeet tears have made my shroud so wet,
Oh, mother, do not weep!"

Oh! love is strong!—the mother's heart
Was all but broken then;
Oh, love is strong!—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And she saw her child—
Her infant in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

"Lo, mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I am warm and well,
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wave.

And down upon the silver grave
He laid he weary head.
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er the green sod bed

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of heaven its aid,
Her heavy lot to bear.

GOLD INKSTAND TO THE AUTHORESS OF SCOTTISH CHIEFS.

The works of Jane Porter have probably brought more money into the hands of booksellers, than those of any writer, except, perhaps, Scott, and at this moment steam-presses are employed in printing large editions of her delightful novels. An enthusiastic man, a great admirer of Miss Porter, has, for the second time, started a subscription among the booksellers of this city to present her with a gold inkstand, and the Harpers, Appletons, Langleys and others have subscribed with enthusiastic liberality. The list of the subscribers will be published when the sum is sufficient. Meantime perhaps a description of *Jane Porter* with a little of her *hitherto unwritten history* may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Miss Porter was the daughter of a gallant English officer who died leaving a widow, and three children then very young but all destined to remarkable fame—Sir Robert Ker Porter, Jane Porter, and Anna Maria Porter. Sir Robert, as is well known, was the celebrated historical painter, traveller in Persia, soldier, diplomatist and author, lately deceased. He went to Russia with one of his great pictures when very young, married a wealthy Russian Princess, and passed his subsequent years between the camp and diplomacy, honored and admired in every station and relation of his life. The two girls were physically and bodily painted the mind. The conductor inquired if the girl had a ticket? She had not—and, as the rule requires passengers to be so provided, she was advised to step to the office and obtain one. She stepped out—and the train moving now quite exciting, some of the passengers *happened* to be very much in the way of the the lover, and he couldn't get out so easily. Finding his egress through the door strangely prevented, he rushed to the window, and with a $3 bill between his fingers, endeavored to convey it to her. She was evidently leaving home, in this man's company, without money. But he could not reach her. A tall beau, however, laying his thumb by the side of his nose, and twirling his fingers, politely informed him that 'he couldn't come it.' Here was a situation! The girl without, with no means to purchase her ticket; the fellow within, unable to get out—and every body laughing at him.

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WRINKLES AND LADYE-LOVES.

Major Noah of New York, is an original thinker, a queer joker, an odd author in politics, and, without it would seem, a scrutinizing physiognomist. We would suspect him, at his age, of talking or thinking of lady-loves not his own, or of having a spice of sentimentality? A person who feels and thinks so comprehensively as defiance, he tells the disposition of the fair sex by such incipient wrinkle, and writes with as much freshness of feeling about the furrows on the brows of twenty, as if he were a young man, and had a life of happiness to gain only through a keen observation. "Wrinkles are Times's '*pencillings by the way*,' he says, and are frequently discovered at an early age, though never indeed, then that they remain unsuspect. And especially on the brow and the forehead, shall we find these embryo furrows, in some instances, in extreme youth. They indicate, however, in such, premature excitement of the sensorial faculties, the development of passions which promise much discomfort to the possessor in after years. Sit yourself down some sunny afternoon, (mind, there must be a clear and shadowless light) in front of your lady-love—don't look at her lips, such things disturb the judgment, but calmly and minutely take a survey of her features. Do you not see those two faint perpendicular lines just discernible, between the eyebrows? Observe that they diverge slightly as they ascend and are finally lost in the smooth space above. Those scarce visible traces, about a finger's breadth apart, are premonitory wrinkles, that shall ripen into a decided frown at forty, indicative of a confirmed shrew. Who would have thought it?

Try again. Here's your pretty cousin—witness the slight depression of the centre of the eye-brows, and the witching dimple just above that. Look closely. Ah, there are the lines—these horizontal arching parallels open her almost faultless forehead. That girl has humor, she's a romp—a roguish creature, but for all that a sweet tempered loveable woman. Mark that. There is a wrinkle, and if it is so much sunshine in those horizontals, that with our experience, did opportunity present, we should not hesitate to—to—"

The warm-hearted old Major does not say what he "should not hesitate" to do, but we presume, he means—to "pop the question!" And, if we were but a younger beau, the above rules would be our guide, and the Damsels whose polished brows present to view their "*arching parallels*."—*Boston Transcript.*

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO STATE SERVICE.

The following suggestions, it is hoped, will prove useful to the servants whom they concern:—

1 *The Premier.*—No particular person is more qualified than myself for the premier; indeed a premier must not be particular. The premier's place is to superintend the other state servants and see that they do their work but he has no occasion to trouble himself about the till complicate are made. He has also to oppose new laws, or alter old ones, but he should wait, before he does either, till the country is on the eve of insurrection.

His chief business in parliament is, to resist all improvements, and to keep the ones; to which end he must possess great strength of lungs, to out-talk those who call for them. He should be able to speak standing, for three hours at a time, either without saying anything, or only to the effect of misleading his hearers. He will find an active imagination useful, therefrom to derive his facts. He should know how to answer an argument with a joke, so as to turn the tables when in a corner. He may as well be provided with a few classical quotations, for use on occasion, he will find plenty in the Eton Grammar. He must be able to take all sorts of abuse with indifference, and bear to be hooted and even pelted, now and then, with equanimity. He must be ready to say and unsay without the slightest scruple, and to change his opinions as often as he may find it convenient.

2 *The Home-Secretary.*—The home-secretary is an under-servant to the premier. He has to regulate such little matters as prison discipline, work house regulations, and the appointment of his friends to the office, paying little regard to the two former should he be unable to imitate them as closely as possible; and in the latter he should be guided by his political predilections. He also possesses over a post-office; and when he has nothing else to do there, may employ his leisure in opening the letters that pass through it. He is likewise employed, subject to the approval of his principal, in introducing new laws of a certain sort, such as need no reform; but it does not seem at all necessary that he should understand one iota of the subject on which he legislates.

FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who blossomed so beneficently,
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
Even on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to taken, in her fall,
Peace to her foes and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the head that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again.
The spirit not to earth is given—
Else had it, but to came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
No cause be treated, no plan be made,
But when at death's deep gang be sighed,
Pray'd for his murderers and died.

LAND CRABS.

The author of the interesting book just published, entitled "Notes on Cuba," thus speaks of the migrating land crabs, which are found in Cuba, as well as in other of the West India islands: "On my return to Jucaro I saw large droves of crabs on their way across the island; they migrate once the land every spring when the rains commence, from the sea on the north into the Caribbean sea on the south side of the island, and are then taken in great numbers by the Creoles. When fed for a week or two on harmony, they lose the poisonous properties they are supposed to imbibe from feeding on the manzanilla, and are highly esteemed. They resemble our stone crabs, and have one large and one small claw, and have a body about nine inches in circumference; the dun colored, for they are of various hues, are preferred. So many were crushed by the wheels of the engine the previous day, that the iron rail became coated with their fat, and the cars made only a slow progress; even when I passed they formed a close line for several miles in the ditches along side the road, all moving in one direction, facing on with distended, open claws, as our cars rolled by. They cross the whole island, and have never been seen returning to the north side."

DR. JOHNSON OUTDONE.—On Dr Johnson's return from a tour in Scotland, a lady at whose house he called, had got ready what is, in England, a batch patch, for dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it she took an opportunity of asking him if it was good. "Very good for hogs!" answered the Doctor. "Then, pray," replied the lady, "Let me help you to a little more."

NOTICE.

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